

THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 24 Oct. 1962





3P14B

Tastes differ

There are clarets and clarets. And cigarettes and cigarettes. They don't all taste the same. And some men are more aware of the differences than others. No. 3 cigarettes are made from better-tasting tobaccos, finer Virginia tobaccos, that Player's go to considerable lengths to find – and then to blend with all the skill, knowledge and experience they deserve. The result is a remarkably smooth-smoking cigarette with an unusually rounded flavour, qualities appreciated by those who can distinguish one cigarette from another. If you are a member of this discerning group, you will find Player's No. 3 worth every penny of 4s 11d for twenty.



Girls who love laciness . . . love Aristoc. There are so many things in her secret world. Lacy things. Frilly things. Foolish things. Always feminine things. And Aristoc stockings. Of course.

Aristoc

Aristocrat of stockings

Today she loves Goodwood . . . prettiest seam-free stockings with tailored feet. 15 denier, 6/11.



Jacques
Remlinger
de PARIS
makes
5'2"
the height
of fashion

Angelique—a Silk and
Worsted day Dress.
In Carbon Brown, Bronze,
Indigo, Silver Grey,
Bottle Green Ruby
and Tan.
Sizes 12-18 in fittings
for the woman
of 5' 2".

19 guineas

Dresses first floor

at

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE



"The Occasion Hat," of veiling
trimmed with variegated velvet
leaves in Beech/tones, Moss
Green/tones, Black-self and Petrol
Blue/tones.

£11.19.6 post free



Soft French Velvet hat with
adaptable trilby brim. In colours
of Black, Brown, Beaver, Emerald.
Cherry, Petrol, Ruby and Moss
Green.

£6.19.6 post free

Millinery Ground Floor

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1



Play your fashion hunch

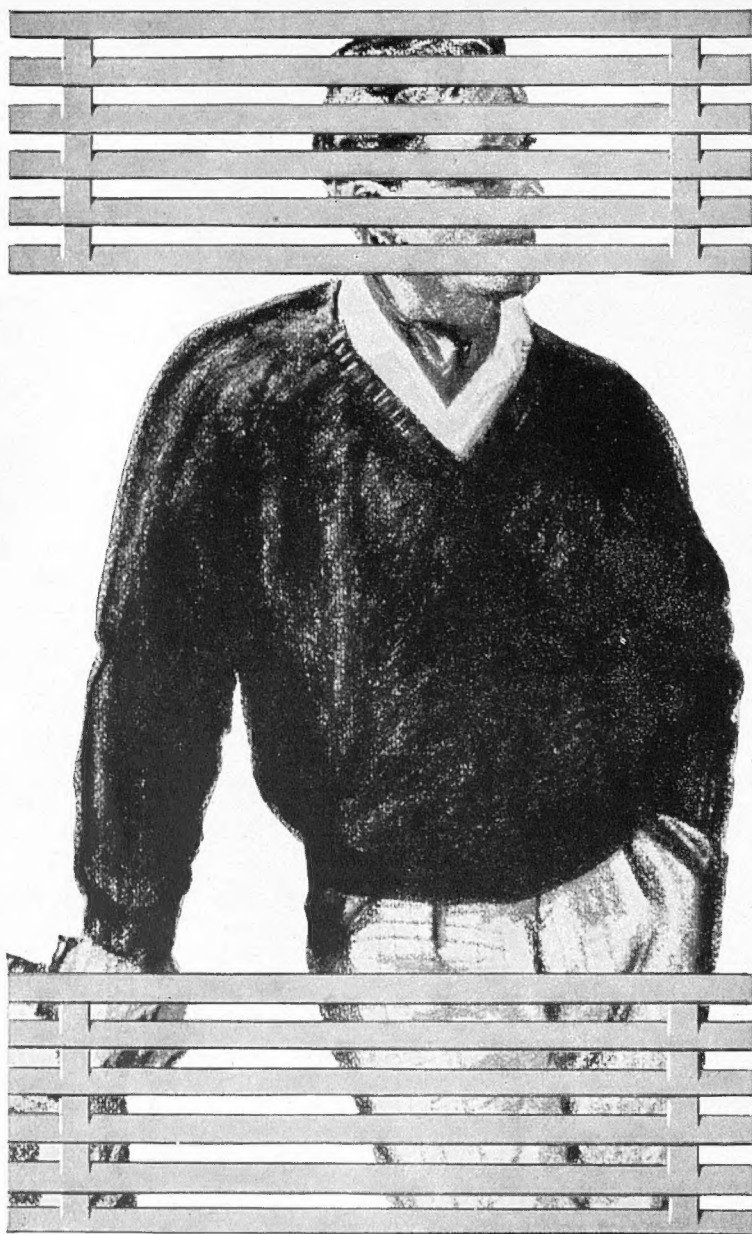
Pick Gor-Ray skirts—and you're right every time! Bright girls know that these skirts answer all their fashion problems. They figure that with Gor-Ray's expert styling, exciting fabrics and sure-fire fashion sense, how can you lose? **Glencoe** The ideal skirt for town or country, smart yet casual, with pocket at front and a swirl of pleats at the back. Half lined. From 63/-. **Scotia** A beautifully

cut easy-to-wear skirt with a smooth hipline and two inverted pleats back and front. Fully lined. From 63/-. **Wanda Slim** skirt in unusual shadow check, with button-trimmed side seams breaking into low pleats. Fully lined. From 63/-. There is a shop in your locality that sells Gor-Ray, but if you have any difficulty, write to Gor-Ray Limited, 72 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

GOR·RAY

SKIRTS ONE BETTER

See our elegant Gor-Ray suits and coats

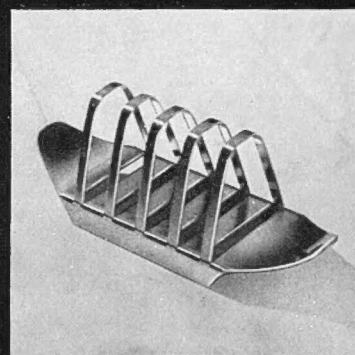
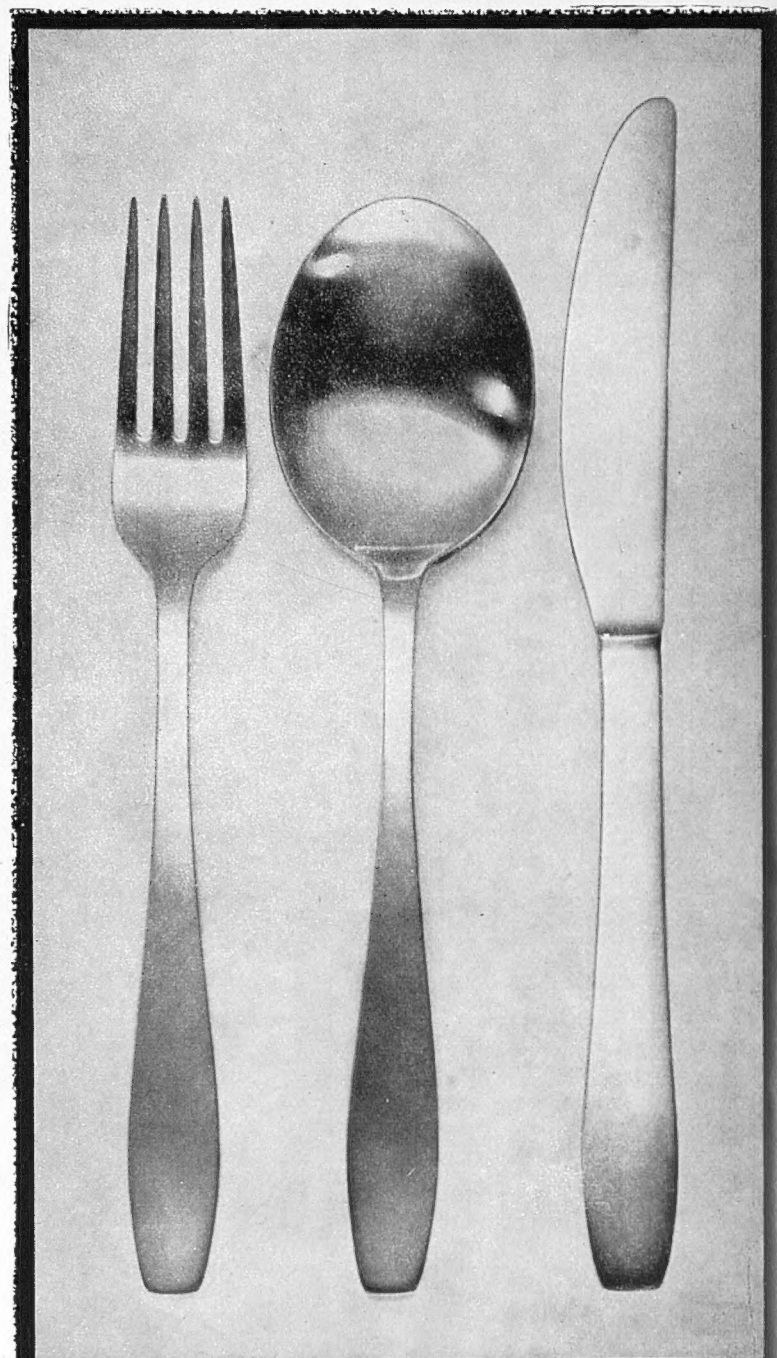


DISTINCTIVELY COMFORTABLE

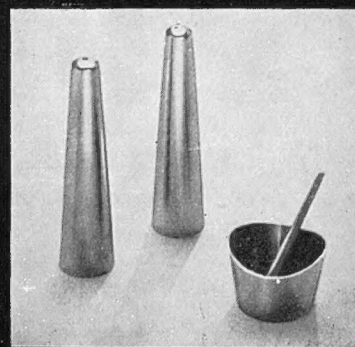
Alan Paine Shetland sweaters bring distinction to the casual look—add elegance to comfort. Faultlessly fashioned. And in many wonderful colours, including unusual tweed mixtures—created by Alan Paine.

*Obtainable from most speciality shops and good stores.
Write for stockist in case of difficulty.*

Alan  Paine
of Godalming



Here is stainless steel in all that superb modern elegance that only craftsmanship can impart... in the soft lustrous satin which delights connoisseurs — and hostesses. It is designed by Robert Welch, Des. R.C.A., F.S.I.A. Old Hall Modern Tableware includes a whole range of tea services, toast racks, dishes — in fact, everything for the modern table.



Old Hall

For an illustrated folder and the name of your nearest stockist write to:—

J. & J. WIGGIN LTD.,
52 OLD HALL WORKS,
BLOXWICH, STAFFS.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

24 OCTOBER, 1962

Volume 246 Number 3191

GOING PLACES	217	In Britain
	220	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	222	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	225	Mr. Harald & Dame Felicity Peake
	226	Tories at Llandudno
	227	Muriel Bowen's column
	230	Dress show at Cliveden
FEATURES	232	Young Family: <i>photographs by Barry Swaebe</i>
	235	Lord Kilbracken
	236	What's happening to British cinema?: <i>by Elspeth Grant; with photographs by Crispian Woodgate</i>
FASHION	244	The goddess complex: <i>by Elizabeth Dickson; photographs by Lidbrooke and sketches by Barbara Hulanicki</i>
COUNTERSPY	252	Crock of gold: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
VERDICTS	253	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	254	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	255	On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh-Jones</i>
	255	On records: <i>by Spike Hughes</i>
	256	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
	256	On opera: <i>by J. Roar Baker</i>
GOOD LOOKS	259	October nights: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
MOTORING	260	Sports special: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	262	Brides & brides-to-be
MAN'S WORLD	264	News from all over: <i>by David Morton</i>
DINING IN	264	Collapsible pudding: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY	266	Antiques of the future: <i>by Albert Adair</i>



On the cover a preview of the Grecian look, modelled by actress Georgina Ward in Lidbrooke's picture. For a second glimpse of the dress and more Grecian-style clothes turn to the fashion section on page 244. Also in this issue the news from Llandudno where the Conservatives held their annual conference. Muriel Bowen reports on page 227 with pictures by Alex Low. News too of fresh trends in the world of British cinema; Elspeth Grant supplies a commentary to pictures by Crispian Woodgate, see page 236 onwards

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months, including Christmas number, £7 14s.; Six months, including Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; Canada: Twelve months, including Christmas number, £7 1s. (\$21.50); Six months, including Christmas number, £3 12s. 6d. (\$11.50); without Christmas number, £3 8s. 6d. (\$10.50) U.S.A. dollars: Twelve months, including Christmas number, \$22.50; Six months including Christmas number, \$11.50; Six months without Christmas number, \$11.00. Elsewhere abroad: Twelve months, including Christmas number, £7 18s. 6d.; Six months, including Christmas number, £4 1s.; without Christmas number, £3 17s. 6d.

© 1962 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD. INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAfalgar 7020)

FIRST NIGHT

The footlights' glow reflects the glittering première audience. In such a setting, a woman feels extra special, knowing that her jewellery comes from Mappin & Webb, one of the famous shops in the world.



*By Appointment to H.M. The Queen
Silversmiths Mappin & Webb*



First visit

Mappin & Webb

or write for catalogue

172 REGENT STREET, W.1
2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4
65 Brompton Road, S.W.3, Knightsbridge

BIRMINGHAM, CORNER OF BULL ST. AND TEMPLE ROW · SHEFFIELD, NORFOLK ST. · PARIS, 1 RUE DE LA PAIX

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Motor Show, Earls Court, to 27 October.

Bobsleigh Ball, Savoy, 29 October. (Details, Miss Irene Edwards, 2A Trebeck St., W.1.)

Hallowe'en Ball, the Dorchester, 31 October. (Details, Mrs. D. C. Plummer. BEL 6436.)

Autumn Ball, Savoy, 3 November, in aid of the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. (Tickets, £3 3s., from Mrs. K. E. Clay, 125 High Holborn, W.C.1.)

American Women's Club Bazaar, in aid of community services, May Fair Hotel, 11.30 a.m. 5 November.

Flying Angel Fair, in aid of Missions to Seamen, 59 Buckingham Gate, 11 a.m., 7 November.

Head-dress Ball, Savoy, 8 November, in aid of the Dockland Settlements. (Tickets, £5 5s. inc. dinner, £1 1s. for night club, from Mr. Reginald W. Logan-Hunt, D.S. HQ, 164 Romford Rd., E.15. MAR 4944.)

Christmas Fair, Rootes Showrooms, Piccadilly, 12, 13 November, in aid of the Westminster Red Cross.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Sandown Park, today; Newbury, 25-27; Stockton, 27 October.

Steeplechasing: Worcester, today; Stratford-on-Avon, 25; Newbury, 25-27; Woore, Kelso, Towcester, Chepstow, 27; Nottingham, 29, 30; Worcester, Plumpton, 31 October.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *La Bohème*, tonight, 26, 30 October; *Peter Grimes*, 27, 31 October. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Sylphides*, *Good Humoured Ladies*, *The Rite Of Spring*, 7.30 p.m., 25 October; *La Valse*, *The Two Pigeons*, 2 p.m., 27 October; *Napoli*, *Flower Festival at Genzano*, *Persephone*, *The Lady & The Fool*, 7.30 p.m., 29 October, 1 November.

Royal Festival Hall. Rudolf Serkin (piano), 8 p.m., 25 October; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone), Wolf recital, 8 p.m., 26 October; Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m., 30 October. (wat 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Idomeneo*, 7 p.m., tonight, 27 October, 1 November; *The Turn Of The Screw*, 7.30 p.m., 25 October; *Carmen*, 7 p.m., 26, 30 October; *Cinderella*, 7.30 p.m., 31 October. (TER 1672-3.)

ART

Kokoschka Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 10 November.

Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours Exhibition, R.I. Galleries. R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 16 November.

FESTIVALS

Swansea Festival of Music & the Arts, to 27 October.

Stroud Festival of Religious



GEORGE KONIG

●Artist in the looking-glass is Oliver Messel, preparing canvases for his first large scale one-man show, which opens at the O'Hana Gallery tomorrow. Mr. Messel, top designer and uncle of the Earl of Snowdon, will have some 50 pictures on view, including many of coloured people whom he painted during journeys to the West Indies and Africa

Drama & the Arts, to 28 October.

LECTURES

Wednesday evening lectures, Victoria & Albert Museum. 6.15 p.m. tonight, Silver & jewellery of the Russian Empire, by the Hon. Richard Hare; 31 October, The Future of International Design Prizes, by Dr. Reynier Banham.

"Hunger—seen with my own eyes," by Myriel Davies, Freedom from Hunger Shop, Leicester Square, 11.15 a.m., 25 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

St. Martin's. *Kill Two Birds*, 25 October.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *What A Crazy World*, 30 October.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Faces from the Festivals. Right: At Dublin, Billie Whitelaw and Ian Bannen in the European English-speaking première of Eugene O'Neill's play *A Touch of the Poet*. Touring the country in a series of Trade Union Festivals with *Centre 42* are (below left) poet Christopher Logue and (right) playwright Bernard Kops. Currently in Birmingham, *Centre 42* brings its plays, poetry-reading and folk groups to Hayes (Middlesex) on 18 November



PARIS
POINT
OF
VIEW
AT

Debenham
& Freebody



LANVIN CASTILLO FURS
ARE EXCLUSIVE TO DEBENHAMS

Leopard used with great imagination by Castillo the whole of whose fur collection is exclusive to Debenham & Freebody and copied by them in their own workrooms. This beautiful coat with a tie belt is 1398 gns.

Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenham & Freebody in the courtyard of the Musée des Gobelins, Paris.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY WIGMORE STREET LONDON W1. LANGHAM 4444



SMOOTH ON NUDIT...

Remove facial hair in minutes!



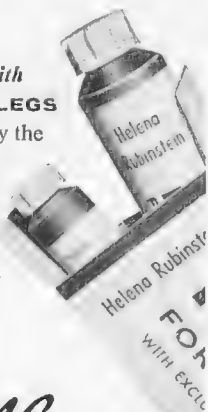
NUDIT

WITH SUPER-FINISH

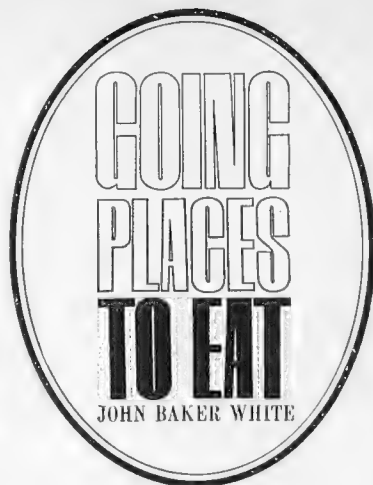
WHY let facial hair cast a shadow on your beauty? Start using NUDIT with SUPER-FINISH—the truly feminine way to remove hair. Helena Rubinstein's medically approved formula was created specially for a woman's delicate skin, yet it's soft and fragrant as a beauty cream. And so easy to use; just smooth NUDIT on problem areas—upper lip, cheeks, chin—then rinse off. Your skin feels soft as a young girl's. And only NUDIT comes with SUPER-FINISH—a special "follow-up" cream to protect your skin, 12/-.

Cream your legs
to satin softness with
NUDIT for the LEGS

You just melt away the hair on your legs with NUDIT for the LEGS. Quick. Safe. And NUDIT for the LEGS gives longest-lasting results! 9/6



Helena Rubinstein



Harvest festival

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

The Silver Spur, 33 Thurloe Place, South Kensington. (KEN 7717.) How good the Poles in London are at running small restaurants, and how skilful at weaving their own native dishes into a cosmopolitan menu. It is because they have instinctive good taste, an appreciation of what good food and wines mean, and great charm of manner in a quiet and dignified way. That is why restaurants like this deserve to flourish, and do. The cooking is first-class, and the cost far from excessive. Mightily hungry from the harvest field, my dinner cost me 28s. without wine, but in retrospect I could have done myself extremely well for less than 20s. The wines, for which, I think, they send out, cover a wide range, and are priced reasonably. I drank half a bottle of an Alsatian 1959 wine for 6s. 2d. W.B.

The Gilbert & Sullivan, John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2. (TRA 2580.) This public house and restaurant is also a treasure-house of over 100 Gilbert & Sullivan relics—pictures, posters, programmes and photographs, some lent by the D'Oyly Carte family. Messrs. Whitbread have shown great good taste in displaying them properly, and have added distinction to the snack and other bar with a frieze of miniature theatre sets of the famous light operas. The restaurant is a pleasant, spacious, uncrowded room with pale grey walls set off with burgundy curtains, and the food is plain, English, and well cooked. The 7s. 6d. luncheon—3 courses with several choices—would satisfy the hungriest of pirates from Penzance or Yeoman of the Guard. The sensibly balanced *à la carte* menu offers, for example, roll mops for 2s. 6d. with brown bread & butter, and a Singapore Gammon—grilled gammon



George Brampton and his wife have run the Magic Carpet inn for 17 years. When they began the highest price one could charge for a meal by law was 5s. Today the restaurant is a noted haunt of visitors seeking the real Chelsea, though the waiters are all Spanish and the pianist Irish

with fried egg and pineapple—for 8s. 6d. I found them entirely adequate for my needs. Discerning students of wine lists should

note No. 34, a Corton Paul Court 1949 Burgundy for 35s., and No. 21, a 1955 Château Valrose Claret for 15s. W.B.

Speeding the mergers

Danse du ventre avec déjeuner—it sounds more amiable in French, but in plain English, the Persian Restaurant **Omar Khayyam**, 50 Cannon Street (cir 2660. C.S.), is now offering lunchtime belly dancing. It has been on some time with dinner, but proprietor Nicholas Tara-

yan says that his clients have been demanding it for lunch to smooth out their business deals. So the dancing sisters Gonul & Golar are performing from 2.30 p.m., the performance being timed "to minimize any risk of indigestion." Not theirs, the clients'. W.B.



Susan Sorrell is appearing in cabaret at The Room at the Top, Ilford. Left: Luis Alberto del Parana leads Los Paraguayos, currently at the Savoy. Note for satire fans: An American group The Second City are at the Establishment; their name derives from Chicago where the group first appeared

IT'S NO WONDER she caused a sensation in Park Lane this afternoon. Her new three-quarters length Dark Ranch Mink Coat, styled by National Fur Company, caught everyone's eye when she arrived at the Hotel. Even the doorman saluted twice! A Mink Coat, like this one at £995, naturally gets a Lady this kind of attention.

NATIONAL FUR COMPANY'S reputation for quality, craftsmanship and service is world wide. This elegant young visitor to London came and chose this sophisticated Kidskin Coat at £156. A photographer asked her to pose for him and she missed the changing of the guard.

Do write for a catalogue of further exciting models for the 1962/63 Season.



National Fur Company LTD.



Specialists in Fine Furs since 1878

13 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3. TEL: KENSINGTON 4801

Also at BIRMINGHAM, LEICESTER, EXETER, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, CARMARTHEN, NEWPORT (MON.)

Getting away from Oxford Street

WITH EIGHT WEEKS TO GO, I FELT impelled to write of Christmas this week, if only to beat Oxford Street to the post. Only days are left before the sales hysteria starts. Those who look forward to a quiet, civilized family Christmas in the country, with point-to-points, hot punches and relays of tireless staff, will no doubt leave me at this stage. Those who share my own desire to escape the Season of Obligation, at any rate in London, read on. . . .

First stop, **Bermuda**. In a place where prices are usually on the plutocratic side, especially for sport, Rankin & Kuhn of Queen Street, W.1, offer two remarkably low-priced holidays. One departure is on 17 December, covering Christmas, the other on the 27th, for New Year. The 10-day holidays cost £200, including jet travel to Bermuda and back by BOAC, accommodation and all meals except lunch (the usual form in Bermuda is a hamburger) at the Elbow Beach Hotel. Transport from the airport by private car, and private taxis are available, gratis, whenever they are required. One of the main objects is golf. Various competitions are arranged, and green fees for five days, including some play at the Mid-Ocean, are encompassed as well (so, by the way, is air transport for your



clubs). If you prefer, there are free facilities for tennis and shore fishing, but deep-sea adventures are extra. At least five cocktail parties and receptions have been laid on and to these, also, you are invited as a guest. The whole enterprise promises well, I think, and even if you are offered mince pies, at least they will be in a different climate.

Probing farther south into the Caribbean proper, Christmas becomes once again a naïve, childish delight. People who have never seen snow decorate their shop windows with blobs of white cotton wool. West Indian children sing the traditional carols with some of their old magic. In the meantime, the sky is blazing copper blue above, the water blood-heat. You drink rum to cool yourself down, not to warm yourself up.

Barbados has some of the liveliest social life, and its best hotels—Sam Lord's Castle, Sandy Lane, Coral Reef, Colony Club, Miramar and Eastry House—can be guaranteed to create some party spirit. Much the same applies in **Jamaica**, where the Anglo-American fraternity who haunt Ocho Rios and Montego Beach make their own social life. In search of something remote and romantic, away from all that, try Blue Mountain Inn, high in the hills behind Kingston: not for a long stay for it is not close to a beach, but its situation, surrounded by gorgeous greenery and waterfalls, is very pleasant. BOAC, in association with leading travel agents, offer 17 days in Jamaica, with a choice of hotels in either Montego Bay or Ocho Rios, from £235. And in a combination of Barbados with **Grenada** (a good one, since the social whirl of Barbados and the wildly lovely reaches of Grenada are completely different from each other), a 24-day holiday for from £278. Travel is economy class by jet, accommodation in a double room with private bath, in either instance.

Christmas is, technically, too early for serious ski-ing, but in resorts such as **St. Moritz** and **Mégeve** it has become a little season on its own, before the big stuff starts in February. The same applies to **Cortina**, the Italian resort in the Dolomites, which is one of the gayest places of its kind that I

know. There are 14 cable cars, chair lifts and ski lifts to take you to the best of the downhill runs, and at Pocol, an appendix resort, there are tobogganing and horse-drawn sleighs. But the charm of Cortina is in being so admirably equipped for those who take their ski-ing less than seriously. It has the kind of shops which make you want to discard every sports garment you possess. Bredo is one of the best, but you can safely leave much of your Christmas shopping to buy on the spot. Diversions include ice hockey at the immense Olympic stadium (take them at their word when told that you'll need three pairs of pants and a blanket from the hotel, in order to stay this side of zero), plus many night clubs and bars: Sanin da Po and the Canadien have dancing and cabaret, Toula is in the log-cabin tradition. Of the hotels, Crystallo is one of the glossiest, rather the haunt of theatricals on show off-duty. The Ancora and the Poste are both dead-central, pleasant and convivial, and a stage below the top price bracket. The Dolomite landscape is, in my view, far more beautiful than that of the Alps proper, and **Venice** (which can look its most magical on a good winter day) is but three hours away by road. In combination with BEA's flight to Venice, travel agents offer 15 days in Cortina including road transport by coach, for from £60 to £75, depending on the hotel.



Italy: Sasso Lungo above Ortisei—scenery for non-skiers

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



THE TATLER
24 OCTOBER 1962

THE FARMER BANK CHIEF



Mr. Harald and Dame Felicity Peake at home at Court Farm, Tackley, Oxfordshire. Mr. Peake, who rowed for Eton, Cambridge and England, became chairman of Lloyds Bank at the end of last year. Dame Felicity, who shares his interest in farming and gardening, was the first Director of the Women's Royal Air Force. Barry Swaebe's photograph was taken in the ruins of the 16th-century pigeon house at Court Farm. Muriel Bowen describes her visit there overleaf

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS—FROM OXFORDSHIRE AND NORTH WALES

WITH four of the Big Six having new chairmen, plus the end of farthings and white fivers, this last year or so has been an eventful one for the Banks. Mr. HARALD PEAKE of Lloyds is the best known of the new chairmen. Tall and broad-shouldered he looks an oarsman to the inch but in fact he has many other interests. His steady blue eyes look out on a world that is busy and never dull. Coal, steel and banking don't suggest much leisure, but being a really successful busy man Mr. Peake makes time. He has managed, for example, to sandwich into his life such diverse duties as being Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company and Master of Foxhounds (the Rufford).

Mr. Peake and his wife, DAME FELICITY, usually spend the middle of the week in London where they have a dear little house in Mayfair. As well as Father's business commitments this arrangement also suits their six-and-a-half year old son ANDREW, who goes to school in London (incidentally David, his son by an earlier marriage, marries Miss Susanna Kleinwort on 22 December). But Court Farm in the village of Tackley, with 800 acres grazed by Jerseys, Ayrshires and sheep, is their real home. They have made it so across the past 10 years though the beginning wasn't auspicious. "We were told that we had the most interesting example of dry rot . . . people came from far and wide to study it . . . and our bank manager got a terrible fright!" says Mr. Peake, recalling their early years at Court Farm.

Court Farm is charming now. Colour schemes are soft, pale greens and beige and there is a delightful collection of pictures hanging on walls of pale, unpolished cedar. Mr. Peake is a great admirer of Samuel Scott, the English Canaletto, and he hopes some day to make time to write his biography for which he has already collected most of the material. Dame Felicity paints, mostly landscapes, near their house in the South of France. And Andrew—who has pictures by Royal Academicians in his schoolroom—has made a start with water colours.

Dame Felicity was the first Director of the Women's Royal Air Force. They admit in Whitehall, a bit reluctantly though, that it is the best organized of the women's services because "Dame Felicity could always charm the Air Marshals into accepting her point of view." Now she is no less interested in affairs, sits on the local bench, and she is

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



THE TALKING TORIES



Miss Joan Vickers, M.P.
for Devonport



Lady Llewellyn, wife of the president,
Sir Godfrey Llewellyn, Bt.



The subject is agriculture, the speaker is Mrs. J. G. Protheroe-Beynon. On the platform behind her are, from left: Mr. Christopher Soames, Mr. R. A. Butler, Lord Aldington, Sir John Howard (chairman), Mr. C. S. Streatfeild, Sir Eric Edwards, Mr. Edward Heath and Dame Barbara Brooke

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALEX LOW



In action above, Sir Derek Walker-Smith, Bt., leader of the anti-Common Marketeers. Above right: Mr. William Deedes, Minister Without Portfolio in charge of Government information



Brigadier Harold Bransome talks to the Earl of Home on the promenade

Change at home, challenge abroad, and new plans for the future were discussed and debated at the Conservative Party's annual conference at Llandudno and when all the talking was done a ball provided a grand finale



Mrs. John Profumo, wife of the War Minister



Mrs. T. C. R. Shepherd, chairman of the Women's National Advisory Committee



Mrs. Susan Walker, the Party's deputy chief organization officer

THE TALKING TORIES

CONTINUED

actively engaged in the lot of Commonwealth students in London. Dame Felicity is one of those rare creatures, a woman of great ability with a simple, unsophisticated charm. She is also extremely smart. She wears a suit with a Frenchwoman's chic.

CHEERS FOR THE CLUB

There was a forest of hands and a chorus of cheers favouring membership of the European club when the Tories met in Llandudno for their annual conference. Gone forever, or so it seemed, from Tory conferences were the Colonel Blimps with their honourable regard for the past and their healthy distrust of all foreigners. Those who did baulk at the club subscription provided a reasoned case. By the end of the week Mr. TED HEATH, the Lord Privy Seal, and hero of marathon Market sessions in Brussels, had only to appear on the platform to raise a cheer.

Llandudno with its bracing air and the amusing little railway that climbs the Great Orme is a charming spot for a conference. But these pleasures were for later in the week, after the first 70 speeches or so. Earnestness marked the first day. With the TV cameras ready and waiting to sneak up almost to the platform-party's nostrils SIR ERIC EDWARDS warned Cabinet Ministers and their wives about "Getting restive—or very much worse—the reverse."

As chairman of the Executive Committee, Sir Eric Edwards was the one behind the scenes who made the Conference hum. An Essex solicitor whose tastes run to fast cars and fast boats—he sails a catamaran off Burnham—Sir Eric has been chairman for six years now. Keeping virtually the entire Cabinet and 4,500 constituency representatives reasonably happy is something he manages with remarkable calm—a sense of humour, too. I asked about all those people who want to speak at Party Conference. "Of course," he said. "Some chaps send up their names for 11 or 12 motions. I've often wondered whether they come with 12 speeches or a composite speech which can be used in 12 different ways."

WESTMINSTER IN WALES

The Welsh were puffing out their chests. "Westminster," they were saying rather grandly, "has moved to Wales." So had the new Ministers who were on parade for the first time before the constituency representatives. There was SIR KERTH JOSEPH, the new Minister of Housing, planning out a fine future for his Ministry and treating the Con-

ference with a nice blend of sympathy and political adroitness. That, though, was only the half of Sir Keith's impact. His devastatingly pretty wife came to the Conference, too.

Another new Minister, Mr. Bill Deedes, Minister Without Portfolio, sat on the platform, a pencil clenched lengthways between his teeth and looking very fierce. However, this pose was only the prelude to a speech which mixed home truths with humour to an extent that had the place near rolling in the aisles. Of his new job of informing the public of what the Government is doing he had this to say: "If a Minister drops a clanger they (the Press) come galloping into my office. They want him on television and radio, they want him to write articles. That is news, that is the price of a free Press—and it is worth every penny." Mr. Deedes' latest batch of ideas? How the Government can inform the country about life in Europe.

UNDER-40s IN FAVOUR

It is sometimes said that Conservative Conferences are a bit on the dry side, no mutinous other ranks, no desire for the platform to get on a banana skin. There was one very spirited row, and nothing to do with the capital punishment revolts of other years. Mr. ANTHONY BARBER, for the Government, holding out no hope for easier home ownership, got himself a thorough good flogging when it came to votes. I should say that all of us under 40 were thoroughly in favour of it, too. A very different sort of reception for Mr. IAIN MACLEOD, the party chairman, who gave the sort of thought-provoking speech that the Conservative Party likes increasingly.

LLANDUDNO LATE NIGHTS

There were all the usual parties—and indeed a few more. Mr. BILL HARRIS, the Tories' vice chairman in the London area, explained his late nights this way: "I find I don't get to bed until 3 a.m. if I just look in on all the parties I am invited to." As wife of the Chairman of the Party Mrs. IAIN MACLEOD had probable the biggest party list of all. But she had given the thing more foresight than most. "I'm quite prepared to miss dinner on one or two evenings," she told me.

Decisions of that sort are not easily arrived at. In a corner of the lounge at the Grand Hotel, SIR JOHN HOWARD studiously went over a typed list of parties that was about six pages long. In another corner LADY LLEWELLYN, wife of the president of the conference,

SIR GODFREY LLEWELLYN, was studying a similar type of list. Last time I had seen a similar situation was a couple of years ago in Washington when I saw SENATOR THEODORE GREEN shuffling his invitations like a pack of cards. "Wondering which party to go to next?" I ventured. "No," said the Senator. "I'm wondering which one I am at now."

LORD BRECON, Minister of State for Welsh Affairs, & LADY BRECON, made no bones about the fact that they thought that the Welsh party would be the best. I was welcomed by SIR ROBERT & LADY DAVIES; the local M.P., Mr. PETER THOMAS, who was there with his wife, was very obliging about quotations in Welsh suitable for inclusion in speeches.

THE TORY WOMEN

Almost half the Conference was composed of women and DAME BARBARA BROOKE gave a lunch party for the chairmen of the women's sections of the different areas of the country. What made them so interested in politics? "Women are realizing more and more that an awful lot of legislation touches them and their children," said Mrs. R. H. COBBOLD, a slim, willowy blonde from Hampshire, whose speech to the conference came over especially well on TV. She is chairman of the Tory women in the Wessex Area and finds her politics can be fitted in during the day while her husband is at business. "The one thing that depresses me is that when I address a women's meeting, I'm often the youngest woman there. There's nothing like as many young women in politics as I would like."

I asked Mrs. T. C. R. SHEPHERD, whose striking good looks are matched by a delightful speaking voice, what got her into politics. Her interest goes back to the day in 1945 when Sir Winston Churchill was turned out of office. She said: "My husband and I decided that it was really people like us who expect everything to be handed to us on a plate who were responsible . . . we decided that one of us must help politically . . . it was me because I was the one with the most time." Mrs. Shepherd is now chairman of the Women's National Advisory Committee of the Tory Party.

Talk seemed to run on the same lines at the party given by the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations. Mrs. H. M. V. BARRINGTON, last year's vice-chairman of the Wessex Tories, told me that she thought that women are now more politically minded than men because men can't find the time. "Start a women's luncheon club in a constituency," she said, "and the next thing they're asking is to cut out

the cosmetics talks and have more politics."

THE BUSY MEN

The men of 35/50 who have made an impact in business and the professions were noticeably missing from the Conference. I asked Mr. CLYDE HEWLETT, one of the exceptions. "Firms are to blame most of all," he said: "They cannot see that it is the man with the broad experience who is going to be most use in the long run." Mr. Hewlett, who is in his 30s, is chairman of the 79 constituencies of the North West Area, and joint managing director of a chemical firm. How does he find the time? "Getting up early—you always beat the traffic jams . . . making use always of the odd five minutes . . . and having a wife who believes it is all as worthwhile as I do."

There was much swapping of good stories at the party the HON. RICHARD STANLEY, M.P., and Mr. BOBBY ALLAN, M.P., gave for constituency treasurers at which I saw, among others: Mr. & Mrs. ARNOLD SILVERSTONE, SIR MALCOLM STODDART-SCOTT, M.P., & LADY STODDART-SCOTT, who were frankly admitting that they enjoy going to conferences, Mr. FRANK B. LYBALL, who had just come back from London where he was the first to give evidence to Neddy, and Mr. MICHAEL NOBLE, Secretary of State for Scotland, looking very like the rest of them in his black dinner jacket. He also has a splendid yellow jacket that he wears with his kilt but he told me he was saving that for King Olav's visit to Scotland.

PIKE THE POST

Miss MERVYN PIKE, M.P., the Assistant Postmaster General, was chuckling happily over being mistaken for a post-mistress, when she took a book of stamps out of her bag to help out somebody who was stuck. "I'm a great believer in the Post Office taking every opportunity to do business," she said. I asked Mr. HENRY BROOKE, M.P., about the policeman who stands outside his Hampstead house now that he is Home Secretary. Scotland Yard, he told me, has acceded to his wife's hope by sending one who is a bridge player, so now when it comes to making up a bridge four Dame Barbara has "never had it so good."

What of Tory finances, I asked Mr. Allan. Apparently he does not get money so easily as the £1 million a year or so which slips into Labour Party coffers. "There is not the awareness of the costs of running a political party that one would expect among a large section of the business and professional community," he told me. "All too often their annual subscription is no more than they would tip a waiter for a meal."

First they voted . . .



Climactic moment at Llandudno—the vote on the Common Market

. . . and then they danced



Relaxed moments at Llandudno. Mr. Macmillan dances (above) with Lady Dorothy at the Conservative agents' ball. Above right: The Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples, and his wife dance a spirited Twist. Right: Mrs. R. H. Cobbold talks to Mr. Paul Bryan, M.P., vice-chairman of the Conservative Party, at Dame Barbara Brooke's luncheon

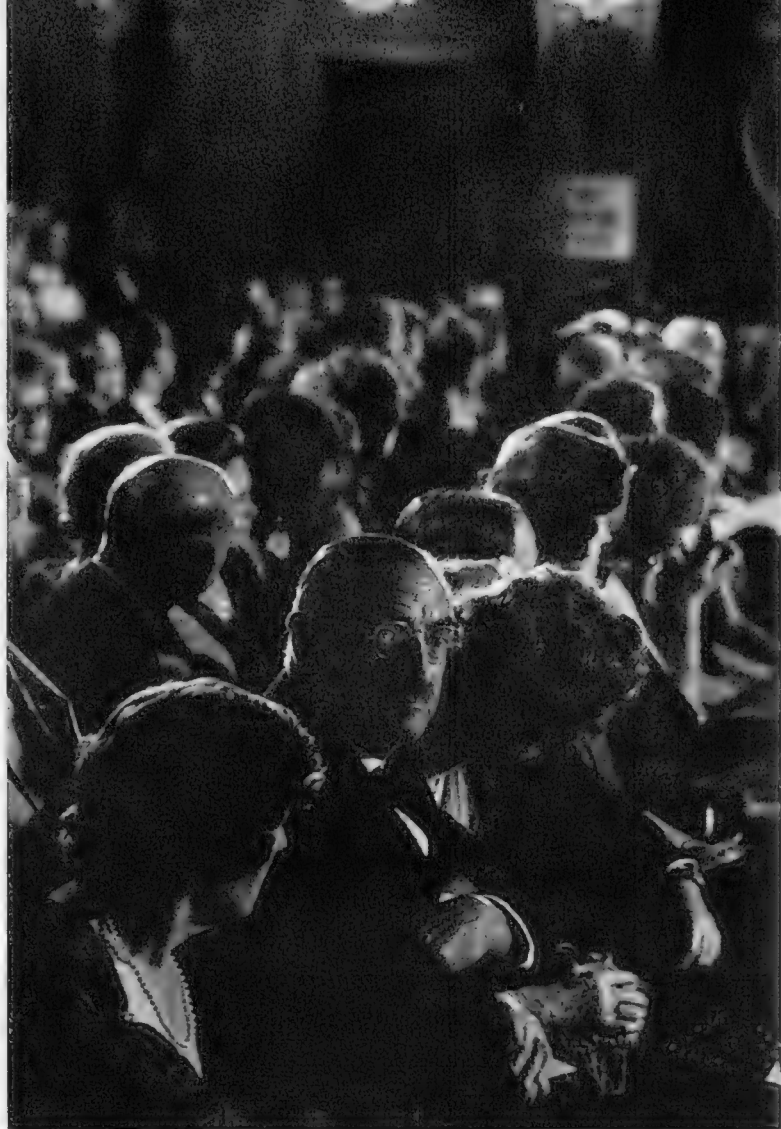


Charity Dresses



Mr. Norman Hartnell with Mrs. Thomas Boothman, County supt., St. John Ambulance Brigade

Norman Hartnell's collection was shown at Cliveden, home of Viscount & Viscountess Astor, to help the funds of the St. John Ambulance Brigade



The Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, Sir Henry Floyd, Bt.



Mr. Richard Todd was in the front row. On his right, Viscountess Astor, on his left the Marchioness of Zetland, Mrs. Todd & the Marquess of Zetland

Fancy Dresses



Miss Tessa Dredge and Mr. Richard Salm



Mr. & Mrs. Myles Marchington



Mr. Nicholas Waterlow, Miss Sandra Boler

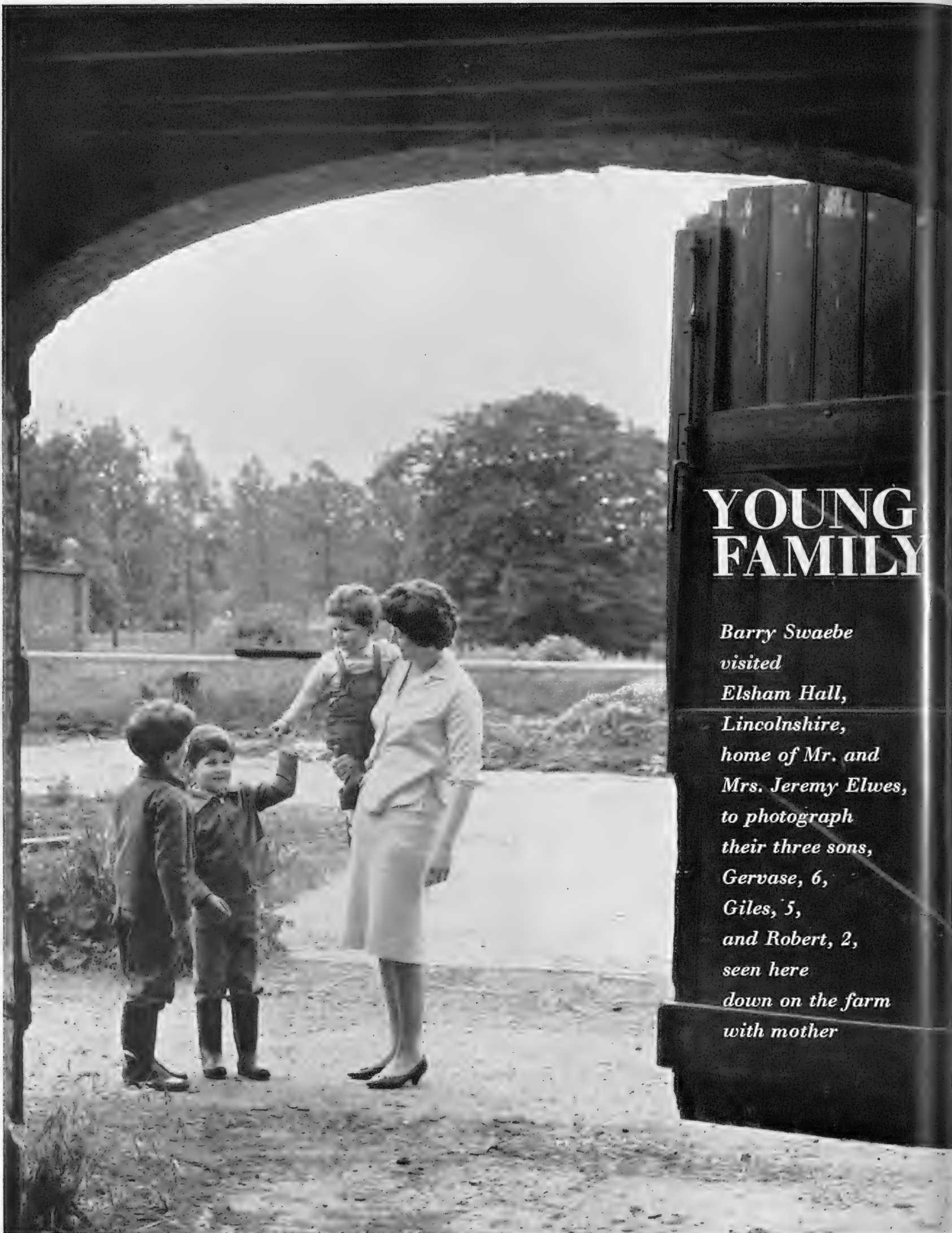
Inventive costumes were worn at Nicholas Waterlow's 21st party, given by his mother, Mrs. Anthony Waterlow, at Hamilton Place



Miss Sarah Atkinson and Mr. Claude Rome

YOUNG FAMILY

*Barry Swaebe
visited
Elsham Hall,
Lincolnshire,
home of Mr. and
Mrs. Jeremy Elwes,
to photograph
their three sons,
Gervase, 6,
Giles, 5,
and Robert, 2,
seen here
down on the farm
with mother*





Robert has fun with a calf on the farm. Mr. Elwes takes part in various county events, is also interested in politics and says he would like to stand in the next election



Gervase, the eldest son, enjoys music. The antique gramophone was a Christmas present last year from his mother

On the lake. Bird life at Elsham includes two rare black swans, gifts from ornithologist and painter Peter Scott. In the fishing lake is a carp which, when last taken out six years ago, weighed 26 lb.



ELSHAM HALL is a Georgian house standing in about 700 acres of Lincolnshire countryside. There are two shoots, the Elsham and the Roxby, and it was to be near Roxby (which has been in the family for 400 years) that Elsham was acquired by the Elwes family for a shooting box. It was not until after the last war, however, that the present owner decided to make it his home. His uncle, Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Elwes, bought the house in 1931 and his alterations included the addition of a chapel.

Mr. Jeremy Elwes brought his bride to Elsham in 1955. There are two lakes in the grounds, the lower one for trout and coarse fishing, the upper providing a home for rare and ornamental birds. Mr. Elwes is the Lincolnshire agent for a speedboat firm and is a farmer, keeping cows, sheep, chickens, pigs and running a milk-vending business. His wife also runs their London flat, is in sole charge of the rose garden and is president of the Brigg Division of the Girl Guides.



YOUNG FAMILY *continued*

*Mrs. Elwes supervises
bath time for her
youngest son,
two-year-old Robert*

*Bedtime: Mother tucks
up Robert, Father
reads to Gervase
and Giles*



*Visiting the "house
on a lorry," the boys'
name for the caravan
home of Mr. Wilton
Thew, a retired dentist
who spends a month
each year at Elsham
painting*



KILNEMAR LOUGH, more usually known as the House Lake, is the wide expanse of water that stretches away to westward at the bottom of the meadow in front of Killegar. It changes its appearance from day to day and with the seasons: sometimes it is silver, sometimes dark as Guinness, and sometimes — when driven by the wind—it seems to flow like a great river, a Danube or a Rhône. Today, on this misty autumn morning, the air is so perfectly still that the lough exactly mirrors the green and red-gold beeches of the wooded hill beyond it, so that a stranger who stood beside me, and looked out through the windows, might not at first detect that there was water there at all. This illusion would only be broken if a fish rose in the lough, or if a pair of swans came swimming from the west (as in fact they have just done, white shadows in the blue mist) to break the reflections at the point of touch-down. There is no river flowing into the House Lake; but it is fed by springs and shores, and a sizeable stream—in winter a true river—flows out to Donaweale from its easternmost tip, visible through the alders as I write.

It is in this closest corner of the lough—its position still well marked by the stake which I drove down there—that a worthwhile fragment of prehistoric Ireland waits patiently for the 20th century to catch up with it. Just eight feet down, perfectly preserved in the ooze and slime of the lakebed, lies a primitive boat. It was hollowed skillfully from a single oak some 30 feet long; and is now as black as charcoal. And I've learnt that it is at least 1000 years old—perhaps much older.

It was found by the purest accident when two local boys, John Fyffe and John Spotten, took a swim during the long drought of three summers ago.

The water was then low—perhaps two feet lower than usual—and they thought they would see whether, at this particular point, they were for once just in their depth. They found that they were indeed; and then, almost together, that their feet were repeatedly touching some smooth, level object on the bottom. They dived to investigate, and began coming up with small fragments of the object—which, they found, they could break off quite easily. And then they came and found *me*.

On the nearby stony beach, we began a prehistoric jigsaw puzzle—the fitting together of the dozen pieces the boys had recovered. And they formed quite clearly the upper part of the bows of some unknown but certainly ancient vessel. We wondered if we could raise the remainder in one piece—we thought it might be possible if we used the tractor and a rope—but I decided it would be safer to seek some expert help. It happened that one of Ireland's leading museums had a research team in this area. I invited them to inspect the find and they came over a few days later.

The experts seemed interested, they took notes, and photographs, and measurements. We swam out to the spot and estimated, as best we could, the length and beam of the boat. And an interesting likelihood emerged. Many of the early Irish were literally lake-dwellers. They raised artificial islands to within a few feet of the surface, and then built houses on them, known in Irish as crannochs, which rose on wooden stilts above the water level. It seemed almost certain, the archaeologists told us, that the relatively shallow water at that particular spot was due to the fact that a crannoch had once been built there; and the boat had been lying alongside when it was finally destroyed. I like to think of the first

Killegarites living in their rush-thatched, stilted home in the middle of the House Lake; and I thank them for leaving their boat behind.

We would be hearing from the museum very shortly, we were told. They would certainly be most interested in trying to lift the whole boat intact to the surface. We had evidence soon afterwards that its subsequent preservation would be as difficult, at least, as its recovery. The fragments already raised were left lying on the beach. Within ten days, they were suddenly light and brittle; a month later they had completely disappeared, crumbled into fine powder. So quickly had exposure to the air and the sunshine counteracted the conditions on the lakebed, fortuitously favourable, which till then had cheated the centuries.

The months went by and I heard nothing from the authorities. I wrote them a reminder and received no reply. Soon after the boat was found, a friend had been going to England; I gave him a small fragment and asked him, if possible, to ascertain its age. The reply came back quickly from the scientists in London to whom he had taken it: anything from 1000 to 1600 years old. And there the matter has rested. Three years have passed and nothing has been done. The great black canoe, safely preserved in slime, lies beneath those mirrored reflections which I can see now on the still surface as I write these words.

But I can appreciate, I suppose, the museum's point of view. The thing has been lying there for more than a millennium already, so there's no point in hurrying. Won't it be time enough next year—or maybe the year after? For in Ireland even a decade, as I know very well, is nothing more than a moment. And there's no time like the future.

PRE-HISTORY AT KILLEGAR

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO BRITISH CINEMA?

They say that everybody's making epics—you have to speculate to accumulate—everybody's making films on a shoestring—there's too much risk in high-budget productions and anyway the star system is dead—everybody's making New Wave pictures—we must be socially realistic—everybody's making horror films—they pack in the kids of all ages. They say that all the cinemas should be turned into bowling alleys—the only profit in showing films is from the ice cream and soft drink concessions. In fact they say a whole lot of things about an industry that in nearly sixty years of boom and bust (in both senses) has purveyed an immense amount of entertainment, whether good, bad or indifferent, to the general public. But nobody says that the British cinema is in decline—there's too much adventure in writing, acting and direction to believe that. Elspeth Grant puts the background of growth into historical perspective. Crispian Woodgate photographs some of the vital people who'll shape the future

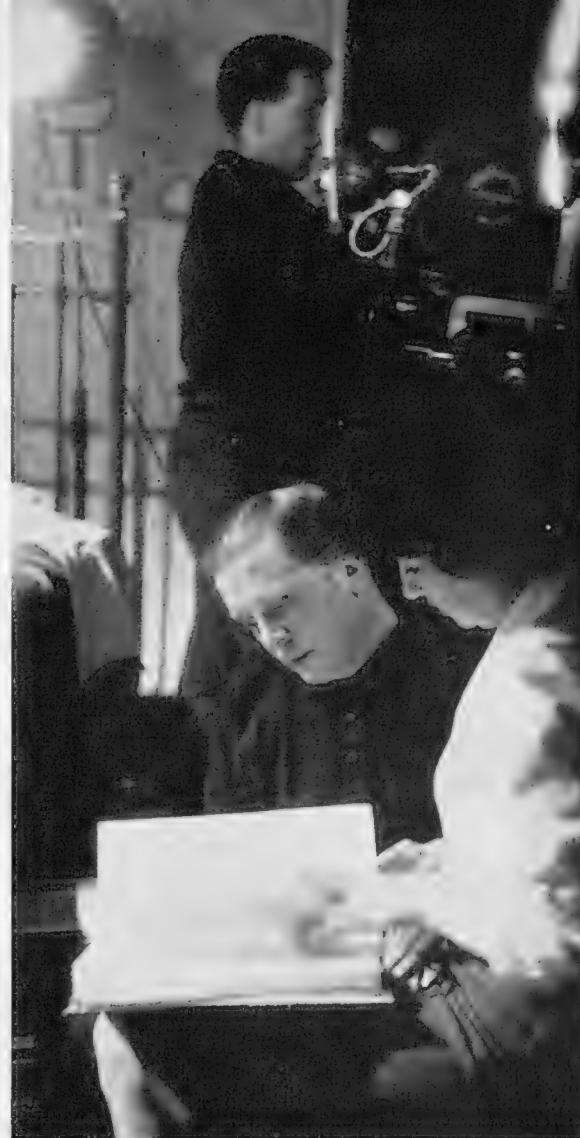


The partners

Mr. Bryan Forbes, 36 (left), actor, writer, producer, director, and Mr. Richard Attenborough (right), 39-year-old actor, producer, are happy collaborators. Their latest joint job is *The L-Shaped Room*—scripted and directed by Mr. Forbes, produced by Mr. Attenborough, and starring Leslie Caron and Tom Bell. They formed their own company, Beaver Films, in 1959 to make *The Angry Silence* in which Mr. Attenborough starred while Mr. Forbes, who wrote the script, co-produced. And it was Mr. Forbes who scripted the hit *Only Two Can Play*, in which Mr. Attenborough appeared.

The new face

Many who saw *Payroll* disapproved of the film but all admired the fine, edgy performance of Mr. Tom Bell (below), who played one of Mr. Michael Craig's luckless companions in crime. He is a graduate of the Bradford Civic Theatre School and spent a number of years in provincial repertory before coming to London. His last film role was as Paul in the A.C.T. screen-version of Mr. Arnold Wesker's play, *The Kitchen*, and we shall see him next in *The L-Shaped Room*. Mr. Bryan Forbes is seen directing him (below left) with co-star Leslie Caron at Shepperton.



WRITES ELSPETH GRANT: Though an Englishman, William Friese-Greene, invented a moving-picture camera in 1887, the British film industry (like spring this year) was a little slow to start. The lively Lumière Brothers of Paris were publicly showing their home-made, 50-foot-long films as early as 1895 and the active Americans, headed by Thomas Edison, were forging ahead with experiments in cinematography (a word, incidentally, invented by les Lumières) and by 1903 were sufficiently advanced to produce the first notable "story film"—Edwin S. Porter's *The Great Train Robbery*, which ran for 12 entrancing minutes and really put the moving picture on the entertainment map.

Alerted to the possibilities of the medium, the British began to take a serious interest, but it was not until 1907 that Cecil M. Hepworth, generally regarded as the father of our cinema industry, produced the first British "story film"—*Rescued By Rover*, a charming little piece which made him the darling of a nation of dog-lovers. With this gem and others such as *Alf's Button*, Mr. Hepworth may be said to have created a specially British type of film.

He worked like a beaver at his Walton-on-Thames garden studios—a series of glass-houses, equipped with a few primitive lamps to supplement the daylight on which production largely depended (in the event of fog, shooting had to be abandoned)—and between 1907 and 1914 he churned out dozens of popular "silents," the stars of which (Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, Henry Edwards and so on) are fondly remembered to this day.

World War One struck our film industry a grievous blow. Teams of technicians dis-

integrated as men were called away to the Services: it was impossible to build up new teams and the British producer, struggling on as best he might, had no means of enlarging the scope of the moving picture. In uncommitted America, in 1915, David Wark Griffith (the screen's greatest innovator, to whom we owe the close-up, the fade-out, the cut-back and other devices which are taken for granted today) stunned cinema-goers with *The Birth Of A Nation*—an epic which achieved world-wide distribution, raised the cinema to the level of an "art form" and incidentally made over 15 million dollars at the box-office.

By the end of the war, British films had fallen so far below American technical standards that they did not even pay in the British market—and to satisfy a newly discriminating audience, exhibitors were forced to book American films. The plight of our cinema industry was so grave—it was virtually being squeezed out of existence—that in 1927 the Cinematograph Films Act, designed to secure a quota of screen time for the British product, was passed.

British producers heaved a sigh of relief—but in 1928 the stampede towards sound started, and there they were again in danger of being outstripped and trampled underfoot by the Americans. Happily there were a few courageous souls—talented, too—with faith in their ability to meet the challenge. Alfred Hitchcock's *Blackmail* (1929) was the first British sound picture—a retort impudent to the Americans. It scored a palpable hit.

Anthony Asquith's *Tell England*, a serious war film dealing with the Gallipoli landings, made a strong impression in 1931—and Mr.

Hitchcock's screen version of Galsworthy's play, *The Skin Game*, escaping from stage settings into the countryside, marked another advance in our technique and our appreciation of cinema values. Messrs. Asquith and Hitchcock were the redoubtable pioneers of the sound film in this country.

Their successes were an inspiration to others—like Alexander Korda (as yet un-knighted) whose company, London Films (financed, one gathered, by "The Man from the Pru."), in 1933 made *The Private Life Of Henry VIII*, another landmark in our cinema—and in the middle 1930s film production here was positively booming.

The boom attracted adventurous speculators who could raise money for the lavish productions that became the vogue—but as the resultant films had no distribution in the American market they lost money, and serious investors began to look askance at the industry that paid no dividends. What was wrong? The fact was that, while we were capable of making worth-while films, the 1927 Act had encouraged the lesser fry in the business to produce "quota quickies" for foreign renters with quota obligations to fulfil—and these scamped trifles, botched and tatty by comparison with the American product they usually accompanied, were doing the British film industry no good at all.

In 1938 a new Quota Act came into force. In view of its requirements—and to the benefit of our studios and film-makers—American companies decided to produce here, with British collaboration, films of a cost and quality sufficient to make them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 240



New wave

Tall, lean, Yorkshire-born Mr. Tony Richardson (right)—President in 1951 of the O.U.D.S., subsequently television director for the B.B.C. and later still associated with the English Stage Company (for whom he produced *Cards Of Identity*, *The Making Of Moo*, *The Chairs* and other controversial, avant-garde plays)—is a dedicated member of the neo-realistic school of British cinema. Mr. Richardson is a persistent perfectionist, patient but tireless. He believes in shooting on location, delights in introducing new faces. With two outstanding successes already to his credit (*Saturday Night And Sunday Morning* and *Taste Of Honey*), producer-director Mr. Richardson scored a hat-trick when *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner* was released. In making this story of a rebellious Borstal boy (played by stage actor Mr. Tom Courtenay), Mr. Richardson had many obstacles to contend with. To those who criticize his casting of Sir Michael Redgrave as the Borstal Governor (regarding this as contrary to the "new-faces" policy of his company, Woodfall Film Productions), Mr. Richardson has a blunt reply: "Absolute nonsense! I used Sir Laurence Olivier in *The Entertainer*, didn't I?"

Horror wave

Mr. Michael Carreras (above left) directs and produces for Hammer Films. Like his lively father, Mr. James Carreras, M.B.E. (chairman and managing director of the company), he's a great believer in "horror" as "box-office." People, he claims, thoroughly enjoy being scared rigid and lap up violence as cats lap up cream. In his view, a little vicarious violence does nobody any harm—and who cares if the Censor gives an "X" certificate to a film, so long as millions pay to see it? And millions (deplorable though you may think it) do pay to see the Hammer horrors—both here and in America, where they are immensely popular. Mr. Carreras, dark-eyed as a Spaniard, is suave and sociable but sometimes seems a little haunted (see again left)—as well he may, with films like *The Mummy* and *The Two Faces Of Dr. Jekyll* behind him. He is at the moment completing *Maniac* (such a cosy title!), starring Messrs. Kerwin Mathews and Donald Houston and the Misses Nadia Gray and Lilian Brousse.



acceptable under the quota. M.G.M. (quick to enlist such prominent British producers and directors as Michael Balcon and Victor Saville) were first in the field with *A Yank At Oxford*—and soon British studios were working full swing.

Among the best British productions of that happy, pre-World War Two era, one recalls Carol Reed's *Bank Holiday*, Mr. Hitchcock's excellent thriller *The Lady Vanishes*—and *Pygmalion*, produced by Gabriel Pascal, the unknown and penniless Hungarian ex-cavalry officer who somehow managed to charm George Bernard Shaw into allowing the film to be made and was later to charm the millionaire miller, J. Arthur Rank (now Lord Rank), into backing the most spectacular flop in the history of our cinema.

When war came in 1939, the British film industry seemed to draw strength and inspiration from it—and produced film after film which we could proudly show to the world. *San Demetrio, London*, paid tribute to the Merchant Navy, *In Which We Serve* hymned the exploits of the Royal Navy, *The Way To The Stars* saluted the R.A.F., *Millions Like Us* gave three cheers for the workers who kept things going at home, and *The Way Ahead* showed the conversion of civilians into fighting men—fretting “the phoney war” away and wondering when the hell they were to see the action for which they had so strenuously prepared. By a dramatic coincidence, this last film was first shown in London on the morning of D-Day: its impact was tremendous. For thousands of men exactly like the characters on the screen, the waiting-time was over: they were at that moment heading for the beaches and the battlefields—and the thoughts of everyone in

the cinema audience went with them.

We did not confine ourselves to the production of war films—at least, not to modern war films: Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* made 1944 a memorable year in the British cinema. 1945 was memorable, too, though less agreeably: Mr. Pascal (or “Pascal Productions”), largely, one understands, financed by Lord Rank, gave us an ostentatious but disappointing screen version of Shaw's *Caesar And Cleopatra*. At an estimated cost of £1,278,000 it was the most expensive British film ever—and it seems unlikely that it could possibly have shown any profit, though it might have done if it had been circulated among students of the cinema as a striking example of how not to film Shaw.

The post-war years saw an outburst of escapist entertainment. There were Mr. Herbert Wilcox's popular, pretty-pretty conducted excursions into Mayfairiana—*The Courtneys Of Curzon Street*, *Spring In Park Lane*, *Maytime In Mayfair*, and so on—usually with the young Michael Wilding and the timeless Anna Neagle. Along with them went some of the best ham and hokum ever to entertain austerity-ridden British cinema audiences. Films like *The Wicked Lady*, *Madonna Of The Seven Moons*, *The Man In Grey*, *Caravan*, *Fanny By Gaslight* and *Jassy* followed each other in rapid spate. Names of the period spring to mind, Miss Margaret Lockwood, the screen's sometime First Lady, the Misses Patricia Roc and Phyllis Calvert, the godlike Mr. Stewart Granger and the saturnine Mr. James Mason who could always be depended on to duel with, or at least to snarl at, each other. Then came the Ealing era, when, under the guiding influence of Sir Michael Balcon, the Ealing Studios acquired a deservedly high

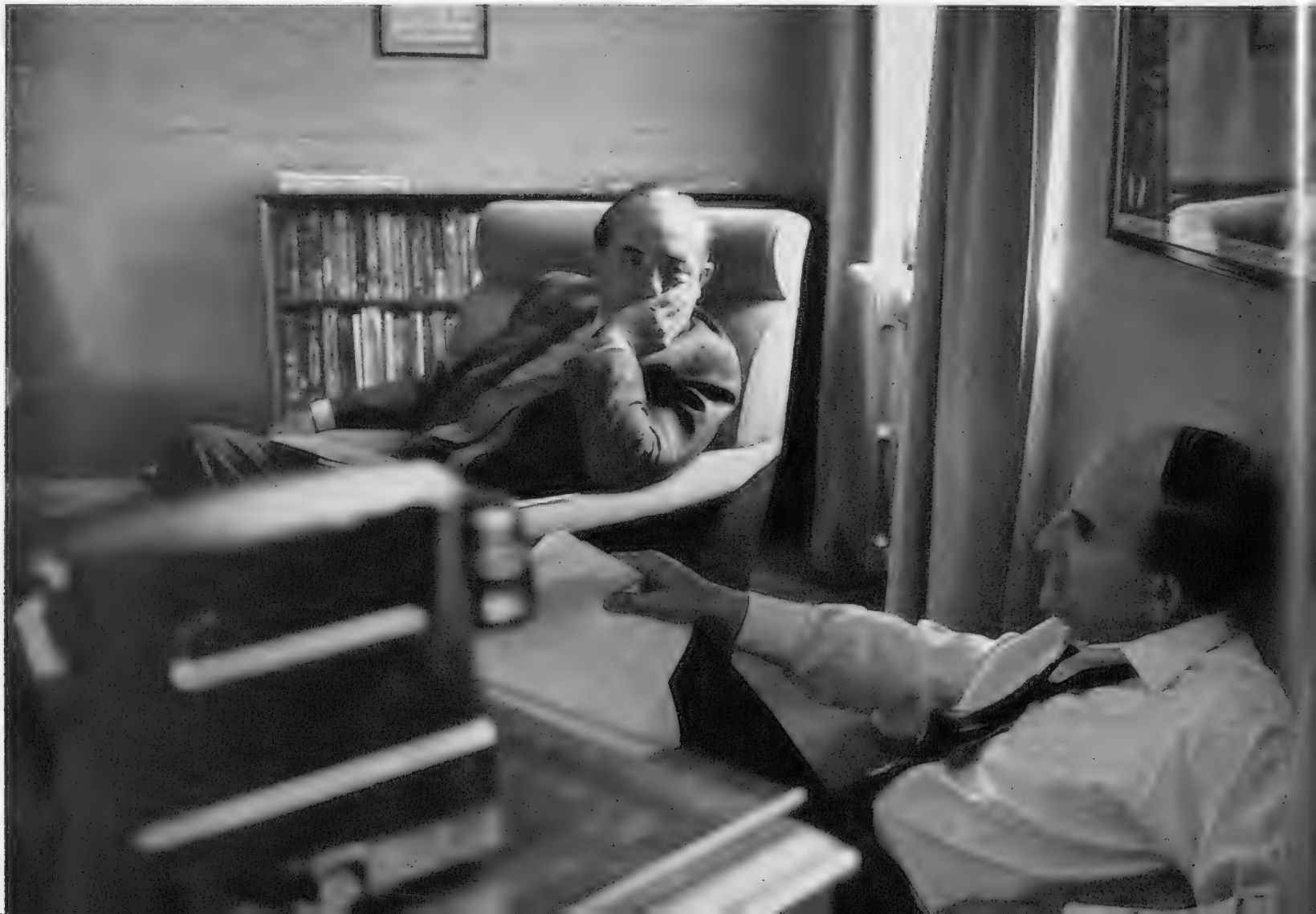
reputation for producing delicious and unique comedies—*Passport To Pimlico*, *Whisky Galore!*, *The Lavender Hill Mob*.

Alas, alas! The glory has departed from Ealing—and Mr. Wilcox, one gathers, is now more interested in television than in the cinema—and Lord Rank is no longer throwing his millions so generously into the making of films, though one assumes (and, indeed, hopes) that the showing of them on the circuits he controls gives him a reasonable profit on the money he from time to time invests in their production.

We would not like Lord Rank to turn all his cinemas into bingo halls and bowling alleys—for the independent producer depends on the larger circuits for distribution (without a distribution guarantee he cannot obtain finance for his projects), and the independent producer is the mainstay of the British film industry today.

Let us be grateful to him as cinema-goers, since it is his enterprise that lies behind the best of our current British film production. We can be grateful to him, too, as taxpayers: it is in some measure he who is responsible for the dividend this year declared, for the first time in the company's history, by British Lion. Owners of Shepperton Studios (the biggest in the country), out of which they make their major profit, British Lion themselves produce films but by no means regard as rivals the leading “Independents” whose product they distribute to everybody's advantage.

The 1955 government loan of £600,000 to British Lion has now been fully covered—and the taxpayer will (though I wonder if he'll notice it) benefit from the dividend payable out of the £400,000 profit recently announced.



The active mind

Mr. Val Guest (right), young and slim for his age (51) and endlessly resilient, was educated in England and the U.S.A. and worked as a columnist for some of America's brighter magazines before coming home to write what seems like scores of screen-plays for British comedies. The urge to direct swept over him and in 1951 he formed his own company—wrote, produced and directed *Penny Princess*. Gravitating from light to gory entertainment he directed *The Camp On Blood Island*—then turned aside to satire producing and directing *Expresso Bongo*. Reverting again to violence (when Messrs. Carreras, Père et Fils, beckoned) he impressively directed *Hell Is A City*, for which he wrote the tense screen-play—and, incidentally, his most successful film to date is also his own particular pet, *The Day The Earth Caught Fire*—that terrifying cautionary tale, alarmingly topical, about how the world may end if the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. continue, without mutual consultation, to carry out large-scale atom-bomb experiments. His latest release is *Jigsaw*—a thriller whose stars are Miss Yolande Donlan (Mr. Guest's charming wife), and Messrs. Jack Warner and Ronald Lewis.

The brilliant all-rounders

The splendidly reliable firm of *Launer & Gilliat Productions* (see picture left) continues to flourish. Both Mr. Frank Launer, who farms in the Chilterns in his spare time, and Mr. Sidney Gilliat (in the armchair), son of a former editor of the "Daily Express," are excellent all-rounders who write, produce and direct. Mr. Launer was an actor, too—long ago, at the Brighton Rep., and it was he who wrote the original story of (among many others) that unforgettable film, *The Lady Vanishes*. It was Mr. Gilliat who directed the Sellers comedy *Only Two Can Play*—reported by *British Lion* to be the biggest box-office success they have ever distributed. The *Launer & Gilliat* products range from the romantic *The Blue Lagoon* via thrillers too numerous to list to crazy comics like *The Pure Hell Of St. Trinian's*. Mr. Launer is currently scripting *The Figtree* from a novel by Aubrey Menon. The stars he has in mind are Peter Sellers and Jack Lemmon. "And I suppose another *St. Trinian's* picture is inevitable—they're so profitable," he told me. One sees why he is called Frank.



The rising talent

New face among the film girls is Catherine Woodville seen (right) in the make-up department at Pinewood. Born 1939 she has a background of provincial repertory and has already appeared in one major production, the recent Betty Box-Ralph Thomas film *The Wild And The Willing*. She is currently making *The Party's Over* for Tricastle Films Ltd. in which she plays an ex-deb who is one of the saner members of a pack of beatniks living for kicks. Audience recognition has already been established for Miss Woodville by appearances in a number of television plays on both channels.



The constant animators

Oldest established firm in the cartoon film field here is Halas & Batchelor Ltd., employing 40 artists at its London and Stroud studios. It was formed in 1940—after Mr John Halas, who came to Britain from Budapest in 1936, had married Miss Joy Batchelor, who had been illustrating for *Harper's Bazaar*—and during the war made innumerable cartoon films for Government Departments, including the War Office and the M.O.I. Mr. Halas and Miss Batchelor (seen right) were responsible for the first British full-length cartoon—*Animal Farm*. Two of their short cartoons—*The Figurehead* and *The History Of The Cinema*—were chosen for Royal Film Performances. H.-&-B. films have won 26 first prizes at various international film festivals—including two at this year's Venice Children's Film Festival. Both Mr. Halas and Miss Batchelor have worked in the U.S.A.—usually with Mr. Louis de Rochemont with whom they are soon to collaborate on a feature film, *Charlotte's Web*. They are at present completing a film (for release through British Lion) called *Hamilton In The Music Festival*, introducing a new elephant character: Mr. Johnny Dankworth wrote the music.



The veteran leader

Sir Michael Balcon (right) is a leading figure in British film production—and probably the most important in maintaining the highest artistic standards in the industry. Chairman of three co-operative groups of producers—Bryanston Films, Bryanston Seven Arts and Pax—his object is to encourage a greater output of British pictures of the finest possible quality. Films recently produced under his aegis include *The Entertainer*, *Saturday Night And Sunday Morning*, *A Taste Of Honey*, *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner* (just completed), and he is currently personally producing (for Bryanston Seven Arts) *Sammy Going South*. The distribution machinery of British Lion is available to all producer members of the three groups—but any of them can, if they wish, operate individually and release through other outlets. As well as stimulating the activities of group members, Sir Michael also welcomes the submission of exciting projects from outside producers whom he and his associates are always ready to advise and help—he controls a finance company on whose resources they can call if money is needed for such things as script development. A keen, witty, far-sighted man of 66, Sir Michael who has spent a lifetime in the cinema industry, firmly believes that we must train a body of young people to carry it on in the best traditions and so ensure its future. For this reason he takes a lively interest in the Royal College of Arts and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. He is also interested in television and feels that should Pay-TV ever be firmly established here (despite the Pilkington Report) the film industry should be in a position to recapture through that medium the audiences that may vanish from our cinemas. Sir Michael has had a vast experience in the industry, which he entered young as director of a Midland renting firm, Victory Motion Pictures. In the early 1930s he was production chief for Gaumont-British and Gainsborough—and in 1938 he went to Ealing Studios in the same capacity. He presided throughout the golden days of the Ealing Comedy (remember such gems as *Passport To Pimlico*, *Whisky Galore!* and *The Lavender Hill Mob*) and gave us, furthermore, some 30 memorable serious films—*San Demetrio*, *London*, *The Overlanders*, *Scott Of The Antarctic* and *The Cruel Sea* among them. He loves the cinema—and, it seems to me, the cinema has every reason to love him.



SWEATER AND SKIRT
MAY BE THE BASIC
CODE FOR DAY-TO-
DAY DRESSING BUT
ANY WOMAN WILL
ADMIT TO AN URGE
FOR DREAMWORLD
CLOTHES THAT WILL
PLACE HER WAY UP
ON A PERSONAL
PEDESTAL. SO FOR
GIRLS WHO'D LIKE
TO BE GODDESSES
ELIZABETH DICKSON
CHOOSES A WARD-
ROBE OF GRECIAN-
MOOD CLOTHES
THAT ARE WELL
WORTH WORSHIP-
PING. ACTRESS
GEORGINA WARD
MODELLED THEM.
LIDBROOKE TOOK
THE PICTURES



TROUSSEAU SHORTIE NIGHT-
DRESS FOR A GIRL WITH HER
HEAD IN THE CLOUDS. WHITE
RIPPLE PLEATED NYLON, THE
HIGH YOKE EDGED IN SATIN.
ANGELA GORE AT ARMY & NAVY
STORES, DALY'S OF GLASGOW,
WILLIAM HENDERSON, LIVER-
POOL. 8½ GNS. GOLD SNAKE
BRACELET. RICHARD OGDEN.

GOOD DIES


COMPLEX




SMOULDERING BLACK CRÊPE DRESS WITH MANY-TIERED FLOUNCE SKIRT, LOOSELY BLOUSED TOP. IMMENSELY YOUNG AND EQUALLY FLATTERING; THE CLASSICAL CROSSOVER STRAPS IN GOLD LINK. MARY QUANT AT LIBERTY. 36 GNS. DIAMOND EARRINGS, KUTCHINSKY.



A GODDESS IS ALLOWED MANY MOODS—HERE ALL SET TO RECEIVE THE PRAISES. FULL-LENGTH EVENING DRESS IN DRAPED DUSKY BLUE JERSEY WITH THE SKIRT GENTLY SWATHED TO ONE SIDE, THE TOP LEAVES A SHOULDER BARE. HARDY AMIES READY-TO-WEAR AT HUNTS OF BOND STREET, LEAH MARKS, LEICESTER, ANTOINETTE, COBHAM. 38½ GNS.. EARRINGS, RICHARD OGDEN.



PLAYDECK CRUISE CLOTHES AT
THEIR BRIEFEST, BAR THE
BIKINI. SHORT TUNIC OVER TINY
SHORTS IN LILAC POPLIN, THE
HIPS LOOSELY SASHED WITH
A MEDALLION GILT CHAIN.
ORIANE OF CAPRI AT LIBERTY.



THE SORT OF DRESS WHICH
MAKES IT EASY TO SEE WHICH
WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING—
TAUPE CHIFFON WITH A LONG
GRACEFUL SKIRT, FLOATING
PANEL THAT DRIFTS FROM THE
SHOULDERS. LIBERTY. GOLD
KID PUMPS, PINET.



SHAPING UP TO THE NEW LOOK FOR PARTIES, FOR FOLLOWING THE SUN AND FOR LOOKING AHEAD TO A CRUISE WARDROBE. COLD SHOULDER SLIP OF A DRESS IN OCHRE AND TANGERINE BATIK PRINTED SILK. THE WAIST LOOSELY GATHERED AND SLASHED WITH A THONG BELT. FROM A RANGE AT LIBERTY.

CONTINUING AN IDEA LIFTED STRAIGHT FROM A CLASSICAL FRIEZE
THE GREEK LOOK FOR EVENING SKETCHED BY BARBARA HULANICKI

GODDESS COMPLEX



Statuesque full-length gown in ivory georgette, ready to make the grand entrance to dances and premières. Only extras added: gold braiding on the dress, ostrich trimming for the matching stole. Frank Usher at Wakefords, Chelsea. Dress, 24 gns. Also at Bon Ton, Leicester; Vogue, Cambridge

Right: Pretty enough to put any girl on a pedestal, cocktail dress in white coin-spotted pure silk chiffon, the bodice draped to leave one shoulder cold and loose panel flowing from the waist. Susan Small at Derry & Toms. 24 gns. to order



Willowly little nymph number in black Bri-nylon organza with a low cowl back, swirling skirt. Frank Usher at Harrods. 13½ gns. Also at Chanal, Leeds; Rochelle, Chichester

Left: Key pattern etched in gold emphasizes the goddess theme of a ballgown in snow white jersey. Blanes at D. H. Evans. 10½ gns. for the dress sketched here, or 6½ gns. short version. Also at Peter Barrie, Nottingham; Barnett Hutton of Chester

♣ A touch of gold adds sunlight to a winter room. Try it as the touch-off point in a roomful of mutations on bitter chocolate, ambers and marigolds. (Casa Pupo have their stop-&-look rugs in sunset colours/Coles of Mortimer Street handprint a gilded Regency lyre pattern on snow white wallpaper.) Object lesson in the picture: huge gilded planter's ladle from Toynbee-Clarke, Cheval Place, who hang them at sight level to hold a flowerfall or conceal a light that reflects on to the ceiling. Another pick-up point for gold could be the gilded swan curtain tie back. Ladle: £13 5s., pair swan tie backs: £3 10s., both from Toynbee-Clarke. ♣ Brass nest-egg paperweight (£1 15s. 6d.), Roman coin head that reverses to a bottle opener (£1 5s.), white soap hand-painted with golden roses looks pretty stacked in a glass apothecary jar (15s. the box): from Harrods. ♣ Gold to wear for a sunset touch: object lessons in the picture: gilded autumn leaves brooch studded with topaz and black stones is sold for 8½ gns. at the new Christian Dior Boutique, Conduit Street, where Paris buying can be conducted in a shop done out in elegant Dior ribbed silk. Everything a Dior girl could possibly want—beautiful ties and cravats for her man (perhaps in matching silk for a tie, cravat and lighter), all the delicious Dior jewellery, handbags, scents, nylons, shoes, gloves. Plus plenty of the pick-upable things that shoppers at the Dior Boutique in Paris will know. Paris House have gold at its goldiest. A pale gold and pearl collar dropping with oval ribbed nuggets and misty pearl: 9 gns. Not shown: their gold filigree necklaces like big gold cords strung with corded balls (5 gns.) or a gold-plated chain and enormous medallion (4½ gns.)

CROCK OF GOLD



Counter
Spy
by
Elizabeth
Williamson

Photograph
by
Tessa
Grimshaw

VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

FIGRELLO! PICCADILLY THEATRE (DEREK SMITH, DAVID LANDER, PETER REEVES, MARION GRIMALDI)

A bit too British

FIGRELLO LA GUARDIA WAS THE GREATEST BALL of Italo-Jewish fire ever to become Mayor of New York—and remain mayor—that the city has ever known. He was affectionately and literally known as the Little Flower during all the years he held that powerful office (which, among other things, gave him authority over the police force and the fire department) and his was a story of dedication to the city he called his own. He was volatile, unpredictable, fabulously energetic and outspoken. Organized opposition was a political climate in which he thrived and he was as courageous in words and decisions as he had been when a tubby little flyer in World War One. Small wonder, then, that he should now be the

inspiration of books, plays and this musical.

Fiorello! comes to London after a long and successful run in its native New York. It also comes to us with an all-British cast which has the same elevating effect on the spirits as if one had opened a wine list and found it to contain the names of all-British wines. One supposes, as with this cast, that the producers are doing their best, but it just isn't good enough. In the title part, for instance, Mr. Derek Smith has been a happy choice in size and fireball dimensions and it is probably not his fault that he cannot reproduce la Guardia's tremendous quality, almost an aura, of dynamism. With two or three exceptions the rest of the cast lag even farther behind in their portrayals of the very tough cookies, male and female, who actually made up both sides of the battle for power in the 1920s and early 30s.

La Guardia was a Republican mayor elected to office in the first term of a great Democratic President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He became New York's favourite figure; abused, caricatured, burlesqued and loved. This, roughly speaking, is his career story set to music and enthusiastically if inappropriately played and sung by actors who, in the many moments of excitement, tend to come nearer Bermondsey than the Bowery in their dialects, and singers whose voices for the most part are too thin and gentle for the numbers they should belt across. Mr. David Lander, as Morris Cohen, the equivalent of head clerk in la Guardia's law office, is an exception, using his pleasant, velvety voice to effect on such opportunities as he had. Mr. Peter Reeves, as Ben Marino, political agent cum campaign manager, also made a personal success with his crisp style and punching delivery of the two best songs in the show, both of

them with male choruses, and sung to a swinging, heavily accented beat. It was, in fact, the sentimental numbers which slowed up the tempo of the play to a dangerous degree, leaving it to the chaps with their *Politics & Poker* airs to get things going again.

Granted that it is always more difficult, dramatically speaking, to put over a righteous character than an equivocal one I still can't help feeling that the authors' use of contrasts between the new mayor and his predecessor was a trifle on the savage side. Jimmy Walker wasn't a good mayor—of New York or anywhere else—but he was not the leering, loose-mouthed satyr of the election poster used in the backcloth here. He was a most entertaining man, with his own brand of wit and vitality and, at best, a diverting companion. Loyal as one wants to be to Fiorello, *On the Side of the Angels* as the score has it, there were moments when one could have welcomed a little of Jimmy Walker's spontaneous wise-cracking.

From the early moments in la Guardia's law office where he began his lifelong championship of the underdog to his apotheosis as *mayorissimo* of a great city, this is a success story and a pretty authentic one. It was this feeling of sincerity and warmth which gave the evening its meaning and which, indeed, kept the audience in its seats long after the final curtain, contentedly listening as the assembled cast repeated the more successful songs in the repertoire with the timely help of a full orchestra. It is not insularity and certainly not lack of interest in such an American phenomenon as la Guardia which dims one's enthusiasm for this show. It is just that it has had rather a rough Atlantic crossing.



America's first personalities are high in the show news. Above: Irving Berlin whose Mr. President, based on the Kennedy saga, is entering its third month on Broadway. Right: A scene from *Fiorello!* (reviewed above by Pat Wallace), with Bryan Blackburn, Peter Reeves & Derek Smith



DOUGLAS H. JEFFERY

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

THE LONGEST DAY DIRECTORS KENNETH ANNAKIN, BERNARD WICKI, ELMO WILLIAMS, ANDREW MARTON (RICHARD TODD, JOHN WAYNE, PETER LAWFORD, ROBERT MITCHUM, KENNETH MORE) **THE PASSWORD IS COURAGE** DIRECTOR ANDREW STONE (DIRK BOGARDE, ALFRED LYNCH, MARIA PERSCHY) **SENILITA** DIRECTOR MAURO BOLOGNINI (CLAUDIA CARDINALE, ANTHONY FRANCIOSA, BETSY BLAIR, PHILIPPE LEROY) **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR** DIRECTOR LOUIS MALLE (BRIGITTE BARDOT, MARCELLO MASTROIANNI)

Spot the Stars, bang, bang

IF MR. DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S THREE-HOUR FILM, *The Longest Day*, was intended as a faithful reconstruction of the momentous happenings of 6 June, 1944—and it does modestly claim to be "the epic and true story" of the Allied invasion of Europe—it should have been played straight, with an anonymous cast and no comic relief. I could then better have borne to be bombarded in stereophonic sound for upwards of two hours—I don't say I could ever have enjoyed the scream of shells overhead, the burst of machine-gun fire in the small of the back, the deafening explosion of bombs to right and left, but this, I would have felt, is just the sort of hell it must have been. If this is what Mr. Zanuck meant me to feel, he should not have given me 43 top-ranking stars to identify and a supposedly humorous incident to wince from every 10 minutes or so.

Admittedly the scenes of dreadful carnage on the Normandy beaches are magnificently

handled, but when I spot Messrs. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum (the colonel with the fractured ankle and the brigadier with the burnt-out cigar-stump) rallying the men who are dying like flies around them, the illusion of reality is abruptly shattered for me. Dammit, I've soldiered long enough with *that* pair to know *they'll* come safely through. (They do, too.) Admittedly, also, there are always people who will laugh at the expression of surprise on the face of a man unexpectedly shot dead (and at the showing I attended some *did* laugh)—but should they be encouraged?

Too much of the film's humour is in poor taste and too many of its implications false. I find it hard to believe that (as one might gather) the German Army consisted largely of high-ranking Nazi officers, living luxuriously in elegant châteaux—and nothing will persuade me that the invasion only succeeded because Hitler had taken a sleeping pill and nobody dared disturb him with a request that tank divisions be instantly dispatched to the Normandy front. The fact surely is that our attack on this stretch of coast was unforeseen by the Nazis and (to coin an unforgivable phrase) we caught them with their panzers down.

Most of the British are presented as dear, eccentric types. Mr. Kenneth More, the bearded beachmaster at Juno Beach, urges the troops to get a move on because his leashed bulldog can't stand the gunfire; Mr. John Gregson, a clown of a padre, drops his "communion box" into a pond and doggedly dives for it while bullets plop into the water everywhere but where he is. Debonair Mr. Peter Lawford, as Lord Lovat, arrives in a white sweater and accompanied by his piper but not, apparently, his Commandos, to relieve the airborne

infantry who've been holding the Orne River bridge: Mr. Richard Todd, in charge of these patient men, manages to illude as a serious fighting soldier—perhaps because he was actually there on D-Day.

The French civilians tend to be slightly dumb (Arletty) or crackers (M. Fernand Ledoux)—though the Resistance movement, decoratively represented by Mlle. Irina Demich, is given a decent pat on the back. The Nazi officers are peremptory and pig-headed (Herr Paul Hartmann), effete (Mr. Peter Van Eyck), or loftily resigned (Herr Curt Jurgens) to a defeat as long as that upstart Hitler's addiction to sedatives can be blamed.

Just about every member of the American cast—with the exception of grave Mr. Henry Fonda who appears briefly as Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt—seems far too accustomed to soldiering in fictional war films and to regard this as just another of them. Because of its blatant box-office-mindedness—its reliance upon the star system and its concession to a debased public's craving for a good giggle in the midst of the horrors—I'm afraid that's how it strikes me, too.

Based on the biography of Mr. Charles Coward by Mr. John Castle, *The Password Is Courage* recounts with boyish gusto the stirring exploits of this resourceful gentleman—a wartime sergeant-major—during his long spell of captivity in a German prison camp. Mr. Dirk Bogarde makes him a likeable cove and has great fun—firing an ammunition train from the cattletruck in which he's travelling to Stalag 8B, organizing a mass escape, burning down a timber yard and finally careering to freedom through an occupied village and hordes of Germans in a fire-engine. Mr. Coward, now a grandfather, assures me it's all true—as near as makes no difference.

To have cast Mr. Anthony Franciosa as the melancholy, elderly clerk he is supposed to be in *Senilita* seems to me a mistake—he looks no more than 30 and is far too virile for the role—but the film, set in Trieste in the 1920s, is so beautifully directed (by Signor Mauro Bolognini) and has such charm, I think you must see it all the same.

Mr. Franciosa, a quiet bachelor who shares a modest flat with his faded spinster sister (Miss Betsy Blair), falls madly in love with a heartless flirt—seductive Signorina Claudia Cardinale, giving a wonderfully guileful performance. Though she professes to love him she refuses to sleep with him, which convinces him she is a girl of irreproachable morals: even when it is proved to him that she is not, his infatuation persists—and the agonies of jealousy he suffers and the complete humiliation he must ultimately endure are disturbingly credible and moving. Another forlorn story runs parallel with his own—for his sister, hopelessly in love with his best friend (handsome M. Philippe Leroy), drifts into oblivion on a tide of alcohol, a pathetic suicide.

In *A Very Private Affair*, Mlle. Brigitte Bardot plays (as well she might) a film star, all of whose *affaires* are made public. The poor girl is hounded to death by her hysterical fans and the merciless Press. I hope this doesn't happen to Mlle. Bardot—but I must say she dies beautifully: nothing in the character's life becomes her like the leaving of it (thanks to an exquisite piece of trick photography).

It looks like an idyll; it is a betrayal. Emilio and Angeolina (Anthony Franciosa & Claudia Cardinale) tryst beside a freight van in Senilita



BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE GUNZ BY FRANK NORMAN (SECKER & WARBURG, 21s.) **MY YESTERDAY, YOUR TOMORROW** BY LORD BOOTHBY (HUTCHINSON, 25s.) **CARSON WAS HERE** BY ANTHONY CARSON (METHUEN, 15s.) **THE PUMPKIN EATER** BY PENELOPE MORTIMER (HUTCHINSON, 18s.) **ROSES** BY PETER COATS **MODEL SOLDIERS** BY HENRY HARRIS **GARDENS** BY MILES HADFIELD (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 27s. 6d. each) **A HISTORY OF ROME & THE ROMANS FROM ROMULUS TO JOHN XXIII** BY ROBERT LAFFONT (MACDONALD, £5.10s.) **EDWARD VII & QUEEN ALEXANDRA** BY HELMUT & ALISON GERNESHEIM (MULLER, 75s.) **THE ART OF THE TABLE** BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE (BATSFORD, 42s.) **MY BONES WILL KEEP** BY GLADYS MITCHELL (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 15s.)

The Norman sound

THE GREAT AUTUMN PUBLISHING WAVE IS NOW breaking fiercely over our heads, and as a result I have no space for anything but the briefest notes on a little mountain of books, starting with Frank Norman's *The Gunz*, an enchanting book that recounts Mr. Norman's rich, full, successful life, crammed to bursting with eager girls, visits to America, meals at the Caprice, a few villains here and there, television interviews and Mr. Brendan Behan. The only trouble is with the Lord Chancellor, and success, far from spoiling Mr. Frank Norman, suits him cosily and very takingly.

I am tremendously in favour of his point of view, which combines an easygoing generosity of heart and great tolerance (especially towards other fellows' dramatic works) with a deep disenchantment about almost everything, especially writing. "For there is not too much love in the make up of human beings and in most there is

none at all, it is just a question of the survival of the fittest and all that jazz"—the genuine Norman Sound. By now it's perfectly acceptable to all of us to think of eyes as minces, but over and above his exotic vocabulary Mr. Norman does, I think, have a real and original gift for a phrase that is fresh, surprising, and crookedly funny. He will, I hope, remain a big spender from the east for a long time to come.

My Yesterday, Your Tomorrow (and I am not at all sure what that means) is a rather jolly collection of essays, articles, speeches, lectures and who knows what besides from that splendid fount of opinion, reminiscence, argument, and velvety roaring noises, Lord Boothby. Lord B. admires Burns and Charles James Fox, as one would readily expect, loves and provokes the Scots, and recounts an astonishing afternoon abroad in the heat with Churchill. All fine bouncy stuff. . . . Some can live on a steady diet of Anthony Carson, others, unlucky ones such as myself, are still fighting along trying to get the message. *Carson Was Here* is another book of more-or-less travel pieces, many of which have appeared before, so by the second time of reading you'd think I could be expected to make some kind of sense of it all. . . . *The Pumpkin Eater* by Penelope Mortimer is a beautifully compact, effortlessly readable novel about a much-married woman with countless children who is undergoing a breakdown. Mrs. Mortimer observes with a very sharp eye, and has a wit all her own—"Only the wild cats knew I was there. They lay upstairs, spread out on separate beds with their stomachs heaving and their feet crossed, sleeping as though they were tired." Maybe it is impossible to pin down exactly what provokes laughter in that kind of writing, but it seems to me magnificently funny. . . .

A bunch of pretty picture books—first, three more titles in that dear little series of square-shaped books "Pleasures and

Treasures"—a delectable *Roses* by Peter Coats, *Model Soldiers* by Henry Harris and a beautiful and infinitely pleasurable history of *Gardens*, very prettily written by Miles Hadfield. . . . *A History of Rome & the Romans from Romulus to John XXIII* is a superbly produced picture-history with admirably chosen illustrations. The book seems to be a Franco-Italian production, and the one snag is the English translation which seems to me strangling, unreal and dismal. Maybe the pictures make up for all. . . .

Edward VII & Queen Alexandra by Helmut & Alison Gernsheim is a gorgeous, deadpan, and magnificently, nobly malicious picture-history, in the manner of the same compilers' life of Queen Victoria. The material is rich and dark and intoxicating as some heavy Edwardian banquet, and among many jewels I specially treasure an ecstatic photograph of the Prince of Wales got up as the Lord of the Isles, in beard, kilt, sporran, sword, cross-gartering bonnet with feather a foot high, and the royal hand resting on what appears to be an occasional table carelessly hung with chinchilla. . . . and Pamela Vandyke Price's *The Art of the Table* tells you everything, but absolutely everything, about how to lay a table and what to serve on it, so exhaustively indeed that it comes as a terrifying shock to discover from time to time some decision that must be made by us alone ("People bringing an early morning tea tray to visitors must decide for themselves whether or not to put a couple of biscuits or a few slices of thin bread and butter on the tray as well"; heavens, the panic.)

Gladys Mitchell's *My Bones Will Keep* is a marvellously baroque affair involving sudden death in the Western Highlands, Mrs. Croc as usual and plenty of quotations. I lost the plot half-way through, but the marginal decorations stay jolly right to the end.

RECORDS SPIKE HUGHES

NINTH SYMPHONY BY MAHLER **MOZART** CONDUCTED BY BRUNO WALTER **ALCINA** BY HANDEL

Repetitions & rejections

ONE OF THE MAJOR DELIGHTS OF THE gramophone has always seemed to me to be, not so much that it brings music into the home, as that it takes it out of the concert hall. With the result that not only is one free to move about, have a drink, put one's feet up while listening, but also to enjoy the unique satisfaction of being able to order the world's best—and worst—performers about merely by pressing knobs marked "reject" or "repeat."

In view of the high esteem in which it is fashionably regarded in this country, it is obviously heresy to suggest that the music of Mahler is particularly well suited to this form of house-training. But I must confess that if I have to listen to his *Ninth Symphony*, which lasts over an hour on two CBS records (mono and stereo), then this is the way I like it. The recording is labelled *In Memoriam Bruno Walter*. He died in February, and conducts this performance

with all the love and authority one would expect of the man who conducted its première in 1912. Approached piecemeal it is a work even the apathetic may well learn to love. The two middle movements, a sour Ländler and a grotesque Rondo, make an immediate appeal; with the other two I find a little of the composer's high-tension emotional outpourings goes a long way. But, the gramophone being the sublime invention it is, one can always turn a knob and try again. As a reward for buying the Mahler symphony CBS throw in for free a third record which is alone well worth the money.

One side is a fascinating and far-too-short eavesdropping on a Walter rehearsal of the Mahler work—an episode recommended to all living conductors under the age of 80 as a lesson in humility and patience. The other side is Bruno Walter talking in an interview on his 80th birthday about music he loved—mainly about Mahler, but also on *Mozart*, whose overtures to *The Impresario*, *Così fan tutte*, *Figaro* and *The Magic Flute*, the familiar *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* and the *Masonic Funeral Music* are heard in another superb Walter performance on CBS (one record—mono and stereo). With the exception of the impressively sombre Masonic music, the items are all well-known and for that reason especially welcome in a recording which gives them the elegance and air

of good breeding Mozart performances so badly need and so rarely get.

If you are one of those who like to think of Mozart's *Magic Flute* as a bit of a pantomime, you should certainly enjoy Handel's opera, *Alcina* (Decca: three records, mono and stereo). Though it has an Italian libretto, the opera was written for Covent Garden and is the sort of thing that would have delighted the Melville Brothers in their heyday at the Lyceum, farther down the road. Franco Zeffirelli had the time of his life staging *Alcina* in Venice a couple of years ago and this recording will enchant those who saw the production when it was re-mounted at Covent Garden earlier this year. For others it may well be a little confusing at times—what with a genuine principal boy in Teresa Berganza, who plays the hero, Monica Sinclair as a girl who dresses up as her own brother, Mirella Freni as somebody else's brother, and Luigi Alva with a father who is turned into a lion. Presiding over all this, not as Pantomime Dame, but Prima Donna, is Joan Sutherland, dealing in crackling form with all the alarming vocal decoration needed for the title role of the enchantress. But what is it makes Miss Sutherland sound so unhappy in her work these days? Her first aria sounds as if her heart were breaking, instead of being filled with love for the principal boy.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

Needed urgently—imagination

LAST JUNE THE PERIODICAL "ARTS REVIEW" surprised its readers with an article headed *Pull It Down and Start Again*. The "it" of the title was the National Gallery and the author of the piece, Dr. Richard Gainsborough, argued that it was absurd to think of building an extension to the Gallery on the "Hampton's site" (the vacant site to the west of the Gallery, now a temporary car park). "An architectural synthesis of the 1830s and the 1960s is, of course, impossible," he wrote. "Only the total redevelopment of the total site makes sense."

Together with these fighting words went an architect's drawing of a scheme in which a new, modern gallery covered the present sites of the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, but in which the Hampton's site was given up to a separate building which, it was suggested, could be leased to pay part or all of the costs of the new Gallery. It was a revolutionary idea that deserved much more attention than it got. But trying to whip up interest in the Mother of the Arts is a thankless task and most of those who took any notice

of him at all thought that Dr. Gainsborough was talking out of his hat—and prematurely at that. Now, only four months later, the National Gallery Report makes it clear that he was not premature. Development of the Hampton's site is, apparently, being given serious attention by the Ministry of Works, and the Gallery's Trustees "hope it will not be long before final decisions are reached."

The Trustees favour a scheme whereby the present National Portrait Gallery would be demolished and replaced by a new one on the Hampton's site, thus leaving a large area to the north for an extension to the National Gallery. Lord Robbins, Chairman of the Trustees, told a Press conference that he hoped the new NPG would be "a really fine 20th century building" and that the total result would be a "harmonious whole."

There is, however, a danger that it will be an inharmonious hole, a ghastly hotch-potch in which a neo-Georgian National Portrait Gallery and the pseudo-classical National Gallery (with modern additions) "fight" with each other. And if, in fact, it is not going to be long before final decisions are reached, we who care what London looks like must make our feelings known.

Coverage of the National Gallery Report in the Press has been almost completely confined to those sections dealing with the Goya affair and the picture-cleaning con-

troversy. But both these problems are already in the hands of the best experts available in this country. Now the newspapers should be demanding that the new problem, of developing the magnificent Trafalgar Square site, be placed in the hands of the country's best architects.

If a panel of architects is formed for the job they could do worse than start with the *Arts Review's* scheme as a talking point, for it has within it the answers to the main problems. It can also be adapted to fit exactly the Trustees' wishes. For if, instead of the commercial building on the Hampton's site, a new National Portrait Gallery is put there, the new building could temporarily house a large part of the National Gallery collection when we finally, and inevitably, get around to demolishing and rebuilding the NG itself.

The collection is one of the finest in the world, the site is one of the finest in the world. We should have a National Gallery that is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world. It should not be an art gallery in the old-fashioned sense, but a living art centre incorporating a library, lecture rooms, laboratories, exhibition rooms, cinema, restaurant, archives, etc. What is needed above all is imagination. Far more imagination than, I fear, the Ministry of Works can muster, so the quicker the problem is turned over to the right people, the better.

OPERA

J. ROGER BAKER

THE TURN OF THE SCREW SADLER'S WELLS, (JENNIFER VYVYAN, SYLVIA FISHER, JOHN LANIGAN) DER ROSENKAVALIER COVENT GARDEN (CLAIRE WATSON, MARGRETA ELKINS, KURT BOEHME)

The spectre & the rose

IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM AS A LONG SHORT STORY, later as a play, and more recently as a film (*The Innocents*) Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* retained its power to chill. Now Benjamin Britten's operatic version is in the repertoire of Sadler's Wells, revived eight years after its first performance there by the English Opera Group. Jennifer Vyvyan again sings the part she created, that of the Governess who fights a couple of malignant spectres for possession of the souls of her charges. Dramatically and vocally it is an outstanding achievement; Miss Vyvyan conveys the character's neurotic streak from the beginning and the struggle to retain her own balance as she gets deeper into the labyrinth becomes a significant part of the drama; her great outburst: "Miles, I cannot bear to lose you" and her later threnody over his body are electric moments.

But this opera is a team-work piece essentially, and there are no weak links. Sylvia Fisher is a formidable Mrs. Grose the housekeeper, Ellen Dales the girl and Kevin Platts the boy whose air of precocious poise is absolutely right. In previous versions of this story the ghosts were inarticulate, but Britten makes them vocal and so initiates the only potential flaw in an otherwise excellently judged opera, for to make the ghosts' aims too specific undermines the

unspoken power of their presence. Both John Lanigan and Elizabeth Fretwell in these roles sing in a rather too overtly "operatic" manner; it is good singing, but hardly ghostly. Meredith Davies drew some good solo playing from the orchestra, but John Piper's sets have become tatty. But in spite of minor faults the power of Britten's music is such that *The Turn of the Screw* becomes one of the most exciting operatic performances I have seen this year.

Der Rosenkavalier should be one of the glories of the repertoire of the Royal Opera House. The recent revival showed Edward Downes conducting a luscious and emotional account of Strauss's score, to which the orchestra responded splendidly. Robin Ironside's sets wear well, and the costumes have the correct degree of pretty elegance. Claire Watson's dignified and moving portrayal of the Marschallin is familiar and beautifully sung. Margreta Elkins assumed the title role, making an appealing boy full of youthful courtesy, and the darker tones of her voice contrasted unusually strongly with the other two sopranos.

Kurt Boehme presented Baron Ochs as lovable rather than boorish, and if some of his effects were a touch heavy-handed the total impression was one of a character placed firmly in his social background. Less happy was the Sophie of Barbara Holt. Her light voice copes easily with the high tessitura of the part, but her acting needs further study—at times she reminded me surprisingly of the delightful Hy Hazell in *Lock up your Daughters*, and *Rosenkavalier* is not that sort of comedy.

The production, however, leaves one continually irritated by touches of sheer vulgarity. Why, for example, should the intriguer Annina (well sung by Monica Sinclair) waltz on to deliver her letter? The performance—I saw it on an ordinary evening,

at ordinary prices—was sung in German, and excellent support came from the company, notably Judith Pierce and Kenneth Macdonald who delivered the tenor aria in Act One with a suave, mellifluous tone.



Pop singer and pin-up boy, Frenchman Gilbert Bécaud listens to an orchestral run-through of his first opera *The Pied Piper of Aran*. Described as a combination of Frankie Vaughan and Ivor Novello, Bécaud has no exact counterpart in this country. The opera—which will be conducted by Georges Prêtre—is scheduled for the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



OCTOBER NIGHTS

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON/PHOTOGRAPH BY VIC SINGH/HAIR BY EDWARD AT ANDRE BERNARD

October brings a whirligig of ideas for looking good under nightlights.☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

★★★Like the new hairpieces Galeries Lafayette are bringing in from France. Some are half-wigs, others full size made from real hair. A half one in dark colours costs £5 15s. (6 gns. for blondes) or the full thing in dark shades for £21 and £29 for fairheads. The made-of-nylon plait they sell is hair news at 30s. Though it only comes in a restricted number of shades, if your hair is fairly definite in tone it will merge in. Even anyone who has only enough party invitations to count on two hands should have a hairpiece because once you learn

how to fix them, they make an appealing addition to pile up at night. The demonstrator at Galeries Lafayette gives ideas on how to use them, your own hairdresser will always supply one to order exactly gauged to hairtone. The plait can be utilized as a cascade of hair atop the head or curved under like an outgrown pompon the way the Dior girls did it, smack on the back of the head where you would perch a pillbox.☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

★★★Like Cardin's lipsticks that are unlike any lipshade seen here so far. They are of the soft, offhand school that doesn't try to be any hue in particular except its own in-between beat. Specially

good for after dark are—the brown one that looks like a crème caramel colour and is effective worn with a tan or one of those Garbo paleskins (colour called No. 12). Garden rosy ones like 5, 8 or 9, that have a transparent pallor by candlelight. Revlon have been focusing on in-betweeners too and call their collection Colors Avant Garde. Try a lipful of Bare Beige or a sequence of pink to match a dress with lips the lowest ebb in Low down Pink. To carry around at night: small doses of scent make most sense. Christian Dior are decanting Miss Dior into a silver fluted jacket atomizer non-spill and purse sized for 3 gns. (2 gns. a refill).☆☆

MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Sports special



The Lotus Elan 1500 is a distinguished addition to the ranks of sports cars. Ford supply the basic 1500 c.c. engine unit, also the clutch, gearbox and differential. Speed is 115 m.p.h., horsepower 100, and the price: £1,499, including tax

A STRIKING FEATURE OF THE MOTOR SHOW AT Earls Court is the evidence given that Britain still leads the world in the design and manufacture of sports cars. New models on view offer every kind of motoring from nippy travel in rather Spartan conditions for two to luxuriously fast and comfortable driving for four.

New at the Show is the Triumph Spitfire 4 (£730), an attractive two-seater based on the Herald 1200, with independent suspension to all wheels and a hotbed up 1,147 c.c. engine giving a 90 m.p.h. top speed. Another new two-seat model is the Lotus Elan (£1,499). With all-independent springing and disc brakes all round, this glass fibre-bodied car has the new 1½-litre Ford Classic engine equipped with a twin cam head made by Lotus and developing 100 b.h.p. Lotus is also showing the Elite Coupé with 1.2-litre Coventry Climax engine (£1,892), and the Seven (£499). The Seven, for which there is a wide choice of Ford and B.M.C. power units, is an open two-seater with traditional styling; the wheels are outside the body with separate mudguards. Like other Lotus models, it can be bought in component form for home assembly, avoiding purchase tax.

Reliant is showing the new Sabre Six (prices have not yet been announced). Powered by a 2½-litre Ford Zodiac "six," it has glass fibre open, hardtop or occasional four-seat coupé bodywork.

On the stand of M.G., a name synonymous with sporting machinery, there is the chassis-less MGB (£950), a 1.8-litre two-seater with a top speed of over 100 m.p.h. and a livelier performance than the 1.6-litre MGA it replaces. From Fairthorpe comes the Rockette, another all-independently sprung sports car. It is powered by Triumph's 6-cylinder 1.6-litre engine and its glass fibre body is distinguished by a headlamp mounted centrally as well as two more in the conventional position.

If we are to include high-performance saloons in this review of the more sporting cars at the Show the Jensen C-V8 (£3,861) and Bristol 407 (£4,848), both with Chrysler V-8 engines and automatic transmission, must be mentioned. So should the Aston Martin (from £3,851), the less expensive Jensen 541 "S" with B.M.C. 4-litre engine (£3,102), and the A.C. Greyhound (from £2,669).

As you look around Earls Court, more sports cars will catch the eye. Many of them come from specialist manufacturers whose output is limited partly because of their insistence on the highest quality. Among the British examples can be listed A.C. (Ace two-seaters from £1,679, Aceca coupés from £2,070), Daimler, with the 2½-litre V-8 engine SP 250 (£1,451), Elva Courier with M.G. engine (from £965), the 150 m.p.h. Jaguar E-type (from £2,081), the little 948 c.c. M.G. Midget (£650) and the

closely related Austin Healey Sprite (£623), traditionally styled Morgans with engine by Ford or Triumph (from £730), the 1.7-litre Reliant Sabre Fours (from £1,064), the 1.6-litre Sunbeam Alpine (£957) and Triumph's 2.2-litre TR4 (from £1,032).

Among the Continental stands do not miss those of Alfa Romeo (Giuliettas from £1,695, 2.6-litre models from £2,746), Ferrari (3-litre V-12s with coachwork by Farina or Scaglietti from £6,273), Lancia (V-6 Flaminia from £3,597), Maserati (3500 G.T. from £5,800), Porsche (two-seat coupés with rear-mounted air-cooled engines from £2,163) and Volvo (P1800 coupé £1,837).

Inspection of these cars shows that the trend is away from the sports model which roared and bounced along the road, giving uncomfortable if exciting motoring. Their place is being taken by what are loosely termed *gran turismo* cars. The long bonnets and rakish lines are still there but they have been joined by wind-up windows, heaters, radios and hoods that one person can easily manage from within the car, as on the Austin-Healey 3000 Convertible (£1,190). Also popular are minute rear seats which the manufacturers call "occasional" seats—though "seldom" seats might be more accurate. They are perhaps best suited to the dwarfs the motor firms were once reputed to breed in a remote Midlands village for the specific purpose of catalogue photography.

WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND LTD

SPECIALISTS IN SWISS WATCHES



Model 1315

'SAHIDA', Lady's
stainless steel flat
automatic watch
£43.15.0.
in 18 ct. gold
£69.5.0.

Model 1394

'CENTENAIRE' for men.
Waterproof stainless
steel case with automatic
movement. **£44.0.0.**
in 18 ct. gold **£107.15.0.**

Model 1319

'CENTENAIRE', Flat elegant
model showing the date.
Stainless steel case, auto-
matic movement. **£43.15.0.**
in 18 ct. gold **£99.0.0.**

WE
RECOMMEND

ETERNA::MATIC

the automatic watch with ball-bearings

ETERNAMATIC represents the widest range of self-winding watches available. Covered by an international guarantee, the unique ball-bearing rotor is the most advanced self-winding system in the world.



THE BOOK OF 200 WATCHES

If you are unable to visit one of our showrooms why not send for the Book of 200 Watches to:

Department T.25
34-36 Beech Street, London EC1



IT MUST BE RIGHT TO VISIT A SPECIALIST

16 NEW BOND ST

LONDON'S FINEST WATCH CENTRE

SHOWROOMS THROUGHOUT LONDON AND IN ABERDEEN
BIRMINGHAM · BOURNEMOUTH · BRISTOL · CAMBRIDGE · COVENTRY
EDINBURGH · EXETER · GLASGOW · LIVERPOOL · NEWPORT · OXFORD
SOUTHPORT · SWANSEA · WOLVERHAMPTON

Offices: 34-36 Beech St, London EC1 · La-Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland



Allen—Tollemache: Lorraine Frances Lougheed, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. F. J. Allen, of Wyke Lodge, Normandy, Surrey, was married to Robert Hugh Thomas, son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. H. T. Tollemache, of Sheet House, Petersfield, Hants, at Wyke



Townshend—Bradford: Lady Joanna Agnes Townshend, daughter of Marquess Townshend, of Raynham Hall, Norfolk, and Lady Gault, of Hemingstone Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk, was married to Jeremy George Courtenay, son of the late Commander G. F. N. Bradford, R.N., and Mrs. Ronald McAlister, of Learmonth Terrace, Edinburgh, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Armitage—Hatton: Alison, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Armitage, of Pidore Hall Moore, Cheshire, was married to Christopher, son of the late Mr. A. H. Hatton & Mrs. Hatton, of Newton House, Preston Brook, Cheshire, at Daresbury Church



Miss Gillian Elizabeth Symington to Mr. Michael Henry Thornton: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. I. W. A. Symington, of Lanark Place, W.9. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Thornton, of Redcliffe Gardens, London, S.W.10



Miss Sally Bonallack to Mr. David Noel Barber: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Bonallack, of Burges Road, Thorpe Bay, Essex. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. H. N. Barber, of Worrin Road, Shenfield



Miss Patricia Campbell to Mr. James Anderson: She is the daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Douglas & Lady Campbell, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. He is the son of the late Dr. E. K. S. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, of Sydney, New South Wales

For a supremely happy Christmas

Kensington Palace Hotel

FOUR DAYS: 24 GNS. PER PERSON

5 days 27 gns.

6 days 29 gns.

Christmas at the Kensington Palace Hotel is a unique experience. Nowhere else can you enjoy so completely all the attributes of a truly Happy Christmas. Incomparable food under the personal direction of Max Nano, Internationally Famous Restaurateur; fine wines; a genius for presenting really entertaining festivities; a range of spacious rooms and settings for their full enjoyment; 350 suites and luxury bedrooms with facilities and service comparable to the finest in Europe; a perfect location facing the lovely Kensington Gardens.

Cabaret

Boxing Night and New Year's Eve

***WRITE OR PHONE FOR CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME**



Kensington Palace Hotel

LONDON W.8 • TELEPHONE WESTERN 8121

*"...at this time of year
especially....
so pleasant...."*



THE Imperial TORQUAY
THE ENGLISH HOTEL
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN
MANNER



A ring from the Benson Collection

You are invited to view the entire Benson Collection of beautiful rings at our Bond Street showrooms. If you cannot visit us there, an illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

J. W. BENSON LTD., 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Collapsible pudding

THE VERY FIRST FOG OF AUTUMN—AND I MAKE IT the excuse for producing a “boiled” pudding. Because they are regarded as fattening, and perhaps because of the time they take to cook, boiled puddings, both savoury and sweet, have nearly disappeared from many tables. But young people who are not yet concerned about slimming should not deprive themselves of the really great pleasure of enjoying a truly typical British dish. APPLE SUET PUDDING is probably the best of its kind and, with our own home-produced cooking apples now at their best, it is just the dish for the day.

Start with the suet pastry. For a pudding for 5 to 6, sift together 10 oz. of self-raising flour and a good pinch of salt. Add 5 oz. of chopped or shredded suet and just enough water to make a moist dough which will hold together well. Reserve one-third of it. Roll out the remainder to between $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Well butter the inside of a good-sized pudding basin, then line it with the pastry, pressing it well to the sides to even its thickness.

Cut cooking apples into quarters and then peel and core them. (I am sure that this is the best way to make sure of removing all trace of cores easily.) Slice the apples and place a layer of them in the lined basin. Add light Demerara sugar to taste and continue adding apples and sugar until the dish is filled, finishing with a layer of apples on top. Add a tablespoon or two of water.

Damp the edge of the pastry. Pat or roll out the remaining piece and place it on top. Lightly press the edges together. Cover with greaseproof paper or aluminium foil. Stand the basin in boiling water reaching a little more than half-way up it, cover and boil for 2 to 2½ hours.

Leave to stand for a few minutes. Remove the paper or foil. Place a fairly deep dish over the basin, then invert it, give it a couple of shakes and the pudding will loosen and the basin can be lifted off. It is likely that the pudding will collapse but that is all to the good, because a thick suet wall is not really desirable. This is one of the best puddings of the moment.

Devotees of TREACLE PUDDING would say that nothing could compare with a beautifully light-layered one with the treacle generously oozing between the layers. Make it with golden syrup or a mixture of golden syrup (mostly) and a little black treacle. If you like ground ginger, let there be enough of it.

It is simplicity itself to make. Prepare the suet dough as above. Place a tablespoon of syrup (or a mixture, as above) in a buttered pudding basin, together with a pinch of ground ginger. Divide the dough into 3 to 4 pieces of graduated size. Roll out the smallest piece and lay it on the syrup.

Add more syrup and ginger, generously. Repeat until the largest piece of dough has been used to top the final syrup and ginger. Cover and boil as above.

Turn out and pass a “sauce” of warmed syrup diluted with water or dry cider.

Roly-poly puddings have to be boiled in a cloth. Otherwise, they lose their light-heavy quality. For JAM ROLY-POLY roll out the above suet dough to a generous one-third inch thick. Spread it with jam or marmalade, leaving an inch at each end free. Dampen these ends. Roll up and dampen the strip which overlaps the top. Pinch all together. Dip a pudding cloth in boiling water. Wring it out and sprinkle it with flour. Place the rolled-up dough on it

and roll up, not too tightly. Let there be enough cloth to cover the roll well. Tie each end. Drop the roll into rapidly boiling water and keep it boiling continuously (this is important) for 2½ hours.

Pass separately warmed golden syrup diluted with cider or orange juice and some of the grated rind.

This Roly-poly can be varied. Spread the rolled-out dough with syrup and sprinkle it with ground ginger, if liked. Add 6 oz. of mixed dried fruit, including chopped peel, and proceed as above.

For the unexpected guests who turn up in hospitable homes, a BATTER PUDDING can be something of a triumph.

This accommodating batter can be cooked on its own in the first place and then filled with stewed fruit or can have the fruit in it from the start. One of the best fruits is stewed dried apricots. People in a hurry could use a can of apricots with, if available, a tablespoon of apricot jam. Bring the juice to the boil to reduce it and thicken it with the added fruit and jam.

For 4 generous servings, make the following batter: Sift 4 oz. of plain flour and a pinch of salt into a basin. Drop in 2 eggs or a large egg and a yolk and gradually work in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk or three parts milk and one part water. Beat for several minutes then leave to rest for up to 2 hours.

Place an ounce of butter and a tablespoon of peanut (arachide) oil in a Yorkshire pudding tin of about 10 inches by 12 inches. Put it into the oven at 425 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 7 until very hot. Give the batter a stir, turn it into the hot fat and at once put back into the oven again. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes. Remove and fill with the hot apricots.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

News from all over

THIS IS THE SEASON OF MISTY, MELLOW PRESS releases. News, first, from America of a new after-shave lotion by Shulton—*York Town*. Hardly a tactful name, I should have thought, even if Shultons put a space between York and Town. Lord Cornwallis must be spinning in his grave at this echo of 1781. Still, the lotion is pleasant enough—light, crisp and aromatic, and the deep blue gold-etched bottles are a joy. 6½ ounces cost 27s. 6d. After-shaves are naturally preceded by a close shave; for the last six months I've been trying out the Ronson 21 electric razor which gives a shave almost as close as a “cut-throat” without the inherent dangers. Thirty-two tempered steel blades oscillate under an extremely thin steel foil. I'm looking forward to using this razor even more keenly in the coming winter, when a few more minutes in bed count more than in the summer.

If it's going to be a cold winter, a number of manufacturers should be delighted. Gieves for instance have high hopes for their fur caps in the Russian style. At least, I thought they were Russian, but it seems they are also worn as uniform by the Royal Canadian Navy at shore stations above a certain latitude. In real Persian lamb, black or grey, they cost £20, but in

an almost indistinguishable lamb's fur, the price comes down to between £5 and £10.

However cold the winter, one can expect a continuation in the trend to lighter weight clothes. One of the most interesting new lightweights is Cashique—a mohair with a cashmere handle. Forty-eight per cent mohair, 10 per cent cashmere, the remainder worsted, to be precise. It weighs 9½ ounces and is very pliable and easy to tailor, as the cashmere takes off the brittleness of the mohair without destroying the mohair's resistance to creasing. Twenty per cent of the current production is available in this country, from the best bespoke tailors, one of whom—Leonard Whitley, of Benson, Perry & Whitley—has made himself a dinner jacket and trousers in Cashique. Black trousers (of course) and a burgundy jacket faced on the lapels and buttons with the same material in black.

Henry Cotton has just opened a Golf Shop inside Burberrys in the Haymarket. He'll be selling just about everything for golfers, from an American battery driven golf trolley (£125) to a golf ball cleaning brush (9s. 9d.). Two professionals will be available to coach in the Henry Cotton-designed net—Spenn Attwood and Basil Shepard. The shop also offers a practical

golfing umbrella; it's spring loaded to open by itself. Yellow and red cotton, between 47s. and 61s. according to size.

There are plenty of warm new coats in the shops now; for out-of-town wear I like Austin Reed's new “Malvern” short overcoat. It's 17 gns., made of a new cloth, all-wool and proofed by Gannex.

An alternative coat might well be found at Suedecraft. They have all the sheepskin-lined classics that seem to appear *en masse* at point-to-points and race meetings in the country. This firm will send a very complete catalogue; write to 3 Manor St., Bradford 1. I like the short, raglan-sleeved “Ilkley” which would be ideal for motoring in open cars. Harry Hall have excellent new riding trousers for informal riding and exercising; made of fawn cavalry twill they buckle under the instep of the boot and are reinforced inside the knee. They cost about £9 from Harry Hall, 235 Regent Street, W.1, or stockists throughout the country. Finally, a word of warning. Depredating women are on the rampage again, stealing items of their menfolk's wardrobe. This time it's braces. Particularly the coloured felt kind with doeskin tabs. Take my word and lock them up—otherwise they'll end up worn with a flared twist skirt.



Photographed at The Mirabelle

San Patricio is Spain's most celebrated true Fino sherry.

More and more people are drinking this remarkable DRY SHERRY

because they find it suits them better than any other.

GARVEY'S FINO SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LIMITED, WALBROOK HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Antiques of the future

In response to numerous inquiries I reproduce this week in greater detail some of the items noted in the recent feature *Antiques of the Future* (TATLER, 19 September) which represent a selection of modern creative design and craftsmanship that is likely to endure

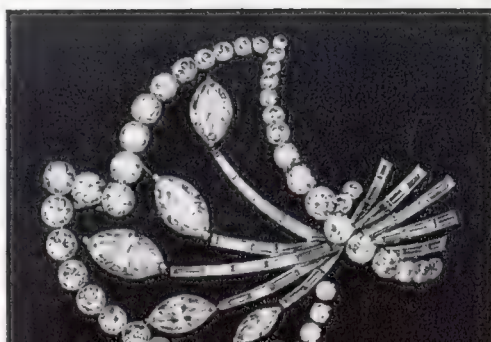
1 Porcelain robin modelled by the late Miss Dorothy Doughty is from the series of British birds which she created. The process of making, from the first sketch model in plasticine to the final glazing and colouring by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, is long and involved but though none of the bird portraits will be available for at least two years lists for orders have been opened at Thomas Goode & Co. and Messrs. Asprey

2 Danish silversmith Henning Koppel made this bowl which has already received several international awards—the Goldsmiths Company of the City of London have bought a copy for their own collection as have the National Museums in Copenhagen and New York. Mr. Koppel, 41, is the youngest artist attached to the firm of George Jensen of Copenhagen in New Bond Street

3 Brooch of navette shaped diamonds encircled by round diamonds comes from a collection of fine jewellery at Cartier & Co. of Bond Street designed by four English craftsmen, Messrs. Charity, Emerson, Mew and Gardner. The navette diamonds are supported by stems which also claim special attention as the stones are cut into the mount and tapered

4 Mace designed for the City of Manchester is the work of Mr. A. C. Styles, the silver designer for Messrs. Garrard & Co. The mace unscrews at the centre knop and can be packed in a small hand case, and the city's coat of arms is modelled and set into the centre of the mace head

5 Goblet in fine English crystal in the Jacobean style with a knopped stem and folded foot was engraved with the sign of Aquarius by a young individualist craftsman, 26-year-old Mr. Peter Dreiser who is on the staff of Messrs. Thomas Goode & Co. Stars forming the constellation of Aquarius appear on the reverse



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

For those
with a
taste for
the exclusive
the chocolate
for motoring
is

Lindt

in the original Lunch-Tablet pack



Foil-wrapped, four-sectioned
pieces neatly packed in a flat,
firm, non-crush packet, perfect
for your pocket or handbag.

Milk, Plain or Bitter Chocolate...
2/- per 1/2 lb. pack.
Also with a variety of fillings...
2/3 pack.

Take *Lindt* Lunch Tablets with you wherever you go!

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

POEMS WANTED. Send Sample(s) without
obligation enclosing S.A.E. to:—Dept. TT
Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumbria.

SHARE-A-FLAT
HYD, 2545

"HOW
A. Fyfe
Road, B
NAIL-
anti-so
mende
editors
E.R.),
Cultur

ANTA
Loch 1
showro
cultural
MACDO
ton, Dumb

OIL PAINTINGS
Single pictures or collections
GALLERIES, 33 Ainstay Avenue, York.
Phone 66537.

148 Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex.
EDG. 5067.

LONDON SHOWROOMS
S.W.3. There is
of their own
skin wear.
at Edin-
now at
atalogue
pt. T.1.)

h your
Balmer.

shall be
lity 12,
to sell.
quired.—
3 Bedford
years.

DISORDERS. Con-
treatment. Edward Goodman,
Member Institute of Trichologists. 79 New
Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 6809.

Buying or Selling?

Your classified advertisement in "The Tatler"
gains access to the most influential, moneyed
audience in Britain today—very economic-
ally, too!

Details of the modest cost involved and the address
to which to send your announcement will be found on
page 271 of this issue

LES PARFUMS WORTH

the essence of feminine elegance



DANS LA NUIT
IMPRUDENCE
REQUÊTE
VERS TOI

From the better stores, chemists and hairdressers

PARIS 120 FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ

LONDON 62 GROSVENOR STREET



IN THE
FAMILY
TRADITION
FLORIS
PERFUMES

89 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 2885 & 4136



"By Appointment
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
Whip & Glove Makers".



"By Appointment
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
UMBRELLA MAKERS".

SWAINE, ADENEY, BRIGG & SONS LTD

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

TELEPHONE - REGENT 4277-8-9

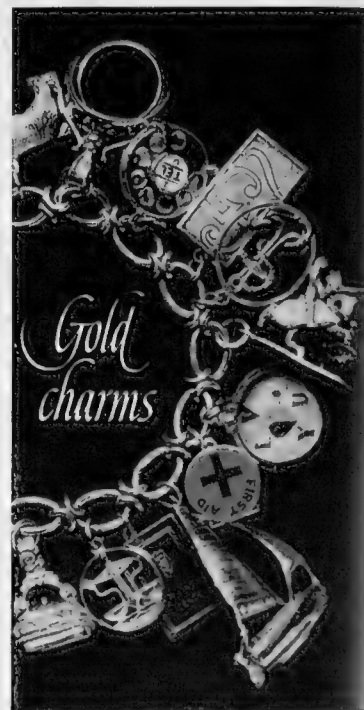
TELEGRAMS - SWADENEYNE, PICCY, LONDON



(1500) LIGHTWEIGHT CIGARETTE

CASE

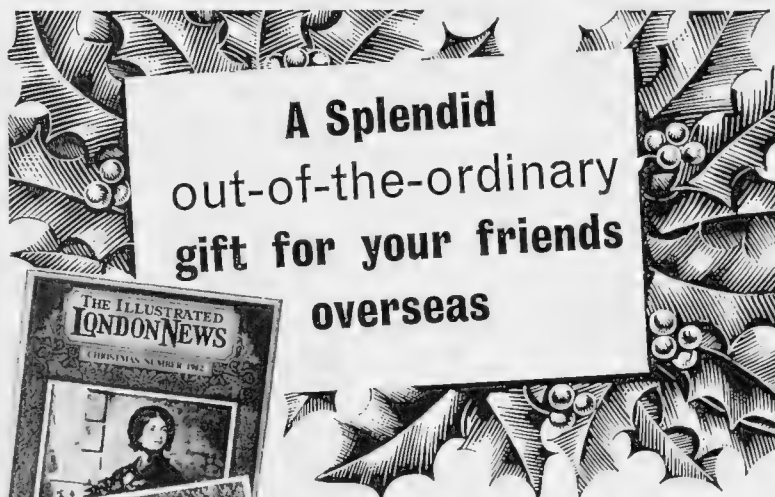
TO HOLD	10	20	25
CROCODILE	£17. 7. 6	£21. 2. 6	£29. 18. 6
BLACK SEALSKIN	£3. 10. 0	£4. 0. 0	£4. 10. 0
PIGSKIN	£2. 12. 6	£3. 2. 6	£3. 12. 6



Send for free illustrated catalogue and
choose from more than 170 interesting
and attractive gold charms and bracelets.
Prices from 16/6d to £21. 10. 0



19 MARKET STREET - LEICESTER



**A Splendid
out-of-the-ordinary
gift for your friends
overseas**



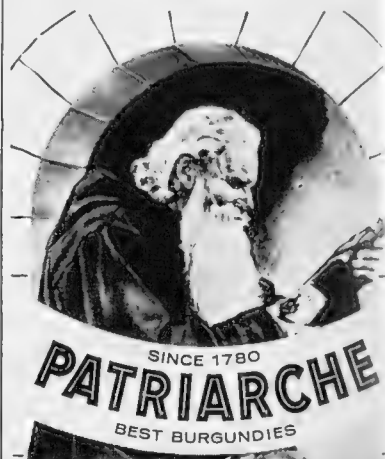
**All four of these magnificent
Christmas Numbers can be sent to
any address in the world for only 21/-
including postage.**

Brim-full with superb colour plates, seasonal
articles and unusual short stories, these world-
renowned Christmas Numbers will provide a wealth
of Christmas enjoyment for your friends and
relatives overseas. A Greeting card is sent with
every copy dispatched on your behalf—what a
splendid way to say "Happy Christmas".

Prices include postage to any address in the world.

**The Illustrated London News 5/8
The Tatler 4/- The Sphere 5/8
"Holy Leaves" 5/8**

To catch overseas Christmas mails you
should place your orders NOW with your
usual newsagent or with any branch of
W. H. Smith, Wymans or John Menzies.



ASK FOR PAT-RI-ARCHE
RED AND WHITE BURGUNDY WINES

*For friends
at home
and overseas...*

... a subscription to
THE TATLER makes
a splendid, long-lasting
gift—and it's so
easy to give!

Twelve months Home: £7. 14. 0
Overseas: £7. 18. 6
Canada: £7. 1. 0

Your Newsagent will
arrange a subscription,
or write to: The Pub-
lisher, Ingram House,
13-15 John Adam St.,
London, W.C.2



MORE PEOPLE ENJOY IT—that's why it's Britain's largest selling 'Scotch'

Haig in every Home

for Christmas and New Year!

SEASONAL HINT:

Mix in a wineglassful of Haig when making your Christmas puddings, mincemeat and cakes. It gives them an additional delicious flavour.



HAIG

'GOLD LABEL'

Bottles 41/6
Half Flasks 21/9
Quarter Flasks 11/2
Miniatures 4/3

Don't be vague—Ask for Haig

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

AT YOUR 'LOCAL', AT OFF-LICENCES AND ALL WINE & SPIRIT STORES

Classified advertisements

Rates: 1/- a word (minimum charge 15/-) Box number 1/6. Series discount: 10% for 6, 20% for 13 insertions. Please write advertisement in BLOCK letters and send with remittance to The Tatler (Classified Advertisements), 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. (TRA 7020). Cheques &c., payable to Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

PERSONAL

ENJOY WRITING? Then write for Profit. Send for "Writer's Handbook" (free) detailing countless opportunities for beginner or experienced. Writer's Ring (T), 5 Edmund Street, Birmingham.

LEARN BRIDGE THE MODERN WAY. Personal tuition, beginners and advanced. FRE. 8836.

"THE WICKER LOOK" for your car or van. Protects, beautifies and quietens in one operation. From Cracol Ltd., 93 Black Lion Lane, London, W.6. RIV. 2848.

ADVANCES BY B. S. LYLE LTD., £100-£20,000 without security. 4 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. Whitehall 5866-7.

£100 MIN. PRICE PAID for Antique COLT Revolver weighing over 4 lb.! All old COLTS and similar revolvers, Duelling pistols, Muskets, Rifles, Cannon etc. bought at the highest prices. Kesterton, Townsend Street, Cheltenham. Phone 5882.

"HOW TO FIND US" maps prepared. A. Fyfe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth: 25226.

POEMS WANTED. Send Sample(s) without obligation enclosing S.A.E. to:—Dept. TT, Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

ADVANCES. £50 to £10,000. No security. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W.1. REG. 5983/2914.

HAIR. Undetectable wigs for Street wear. Ladies or Gentlemen. Private or National Health. Confidential. Labar, 87 Belmont Hill, London, S.E.13.

PERSONAL

INTERIOR DESIGN CENTRE SCHOOL begins the Christmas Diploma Course on 29th October under Design Consultant Betty Horn. Interior Design Centre, 9 Hertford Street, W.1. GRO. 5822.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES for Diamonds. Jewellery, Old Gold, Antique, Modern Silver & Plate. Gold coins. Sovs. 67/- Call or post. Expert valuer sent. EDWARDES (Goldsmiths & Silversmiths) Ltd., 9 Marble Arch, London, W.1. PAD 7296.

INCHBALD SCHOOL OF DESIGN. Ten-week concentrated lecture courses in Interior Design (classical and modern), architecture, furniture, antiques. Also practical design classes. Next course begins 21st January. Details: 10 Milner Street, S.W.3. KNights-bridge 4456.

AN INDEPENDENT INCOME can be earned by postal training with the Premier School of Journalism, Ltd. (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, E.C.4. Directed by top Fleet Street editors and journalists. One of our former woman pupils has now published 110 novels; another pupil recently earned £750 for an article idea we sold for him to a Sunday newspaper. You can do the same. Write for free copy of "You In Print" or ring FLE. 7159—24 hour service, including week-ends.

SUEDE AND SHEEPSKIN GARMENTS need special treatment and should not be dry-cleaned. SuedeClean Ltd. have the perfect process. 57 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. KNI. 8894 and 30 Baker Street, W.1. WEL. 1967.

PERSONAL

QUALITY CHRISTMAS CARDS. Proceeds for Refugees. 6/- per dozen. Post free. War on Want, 9 Madeley Road, London, W.5.

ADVANCES £100-£25,000 Without Security THE EDGWARE TRUST LTD., 28 Mount Street, Park Lane, London, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 0751, HYDe Park 6452.

SAILCLOTH CLOTHING by Rockall. Illustrated brochure from Burne's Showroom, Bosham, Sussex.

LEARN FLOWER ARRANGING at home with a specially-prepared Course by Constance Spry. Full details from: Institute of Domestic Arts, Dept. 620, Parkgate Road, S.W.11.

THE CINE PEOPLE
WALLACE HEATON LTD.,
127 New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN JACKETS of Loch Lomond are on sale at the factory showroom, at all major Horse and Agricultural Shows or direct from DONALD MACDONALD (ANTARTEX) LTD., Renton, Dumbarton. Tel.: Alexandria 2393-4.

STAMMERING. Entirely new Therapy effects cure 15/20 days. Accommodation near clinic arranged. Fees only accepted on basis of cure. WM. C. KERR, M.A., Speech Specialist, St. Owen, JERSEY. Tel. Jersey 20957.

CHAPPIE D'AMATO'S Dance Band for THE occasion. Personal appearance guaranteed. 47 North End House, W. 14. FUL. 2558.

PERSONAL

COATS OF ARMS painted to order. T. D. Benton, Crays Pond House, Nr. Pangbourne, Berks.

ADVANCES £50 upwards—without security. PERCY G. COLEMAN, 69 Harpur Street, BEDFORD. Tel.: Bedford 68101.

M.S. stands for MULTIPLE (DISSEMINATED) SCLEROSIS, the paralyzing disease of the nerves which affects 40,000 teenagers and young adults in Great Britain. The Society's new Annual Report shows that from voluntary sources since 1956, £86,000 have been authorised in Research grants and £57,000 spent on Welfare. Please help our cause. MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY, 10 Stratford Road, London, W.8. Registered Charity.

LOVELY OLD CARVED WOOD French Beds in the styles of Louis XV and XVI, from France—Jean and John Flower, FINMERE HOUSE, FINMERE, near Buckingham. Open every day, but preferably by appointment. Fimmere 343.

GEM-SET and gold jewellery, silverware and plated goods purchased for cash at competitive prices. An on-the-spot offer can be made to personal callers, and postal parcels will receive immediate attention. Send registered post or call, ARMY & NAVY STORES, Westminster, S.W.1. (Victoria 1234.)

YOUR DAUGHTER would enjoy finding her office job through STELLA FISHER BUREAU in the STRAND

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

PERSONAL

DO YOU STILL WANT TO RETAIN discarded bits and pieces of old jewellery, gold and silver? They could help this voluntary Hospital if sent to the Appeal Secretary, Florence Nightingale Hospital, 19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1.

HOMELY STATE INTO STATELY HOME. Chippendale's Workshops are the people who originated the modern method of space planning and Built-in Furniture. If you are in the mood for an exciting change of surroundings tailored to your smallest personal needs contact them at 36 Davies Street, W.1 (by Claridge's) MAYfair 9358. They look after colour and lighting too.

TAILOR MADE HI-FI, designed, made and fitted to your requirements by Expert Gramophones. Tel.: THO. 4139 for demonstration in your home. Showroom—82 Kensington High Street, W.2.

FASHION IN FITTINGS—AAA to B and in large sizes too! At Russell & Bromley's new shop 81 Knightsbridge (next to Harvey Nichols Little Shop). Special evening shoe dept. and also Avant Garde shoes for MEN.

ELEGANT HOMES DESERVE LAMPS AND SHADES BY NITA MILLER
63a Grosvenor Street, W.1. MAYfair 0951

LAMPSHADES CLEANED OR RECOVERED IN A DAY ONLY BY NITA MILLER

TV SCRIPTWRITERS' SCHOOL
(Directed by top BBC and Commercial Scriptwriters) can train you by post for the hundreds of TV companies throughout the world. This writing market is at least twice as profitable as any other. Personal tuition by leading scriptwriters. Write (or ring FLE 7159—24 hour service, including weekends) for illustrated brochure. 53 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

ARE YOU SIZE 16, 18 OR 20?
(40, 42, 44 hip)
JOSEPHINE JOICE
at 5 BEAUCHAMP PLACE, S.W.3 (first floor) you will find a varied selection of lovely clothes chosen just for you. **Prices from Budget to Couture.** Choose from many, with assistance if required, at our charming first floor Salon.
KNightsbridge 5628

Which?
OCTOBER CAR SUPPLEMENT
reports on a number of British and Foreign cars in the £1,000 to £1,100 price range
Which? is available on annual subscription only: £1 for monthly issues, or £2 to include quarterly Car Supplements.
Consumers' Association Ltd., Room F,
14 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2

Have you heard?
ANNE GERRARD
has opened a BOUTIQUE in the lounge at GROSVENOR HOUSE
There is a wonderful selection of model dresses and suits, exquisite beaded knitwear, sheerest stockings, the latest designs in costume jewellery and . . . men's ties.
Be sure to pay her a visit and see for yourself.
Also at: 27 Bruton Street, W.1

This little old lady will die too soon from
PERSIAN 'Quake
HONG KONG
Typhoon
ALGERIAN War
— FLOODS —
thousands like her still suffering . . .
lonely—hungry—cold
thousands of garments and money
already sent
HELP US TO SEND MORE!
£1 will buy food £5 will pay for
and medicine for shipping 150 gar-
3 Aged Refugees ments to Hong
for a week Kong
Please send your gift soon to:
The Hon. Treasurer (T.R.),
Help Aged Refugees Appeal,
Voluntary and Christian Service,
139 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Bankers:
Barclays Bank, 1 Pall Mall East, S.W.1
Supporters include: Lady Barnett,
Dame Margot Fonteyn, Sir Ralph
Richardson, Miss Gladys Young



PERSONAL

MIGRAINE? Lasting relief has been found. Write ex-sufferer (M.A. Cantab.). Box 651.

SCALP AND HAIR DISORDERS. Consultations and Treatment. Edward Goodman, Member Institute of Trichologists. 79 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 6809.

FANCY DRESS COSTUMES FOR HIRE.
Bermans, the Film and Theatrical Costumiers, specialise in outfits for children.
Terms on application. Department T.6
M. BERMAN LTD., 18 Irving Street,
Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

LONDON CLUB has vacancies for ladies and gentlemen town and country members. Very moderate subscription. Swimming pool, squash courts, television theatres, cocktail lounges. Accommodation with private bath. Apply Secretary, WHITE HOUSE CLUB, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

PROTECTS YOU PRETTILY—Ladies' rubberproofed mackintoshes. Mail Order Brochure, South Bucks Rainwear, High Street, Iver, Bucks.

BARGAIN IRISH LINEN PILLOW CASES
18" x 30" 2 Cord (Housewife) No. 10+ 6/11 each. 20" x 30" 2 Cord all round 12/6. P. & P.: 2 1/3, 4 2/-, 8 2/3.

BARGAIN LINEN SHEETS
No. 10+ 72" x 108" 43/9. 90" x 108" 54/9. 90" x 117" 58/- each. Catalogue 6d.
BANFORD BLEACH, TT 23, Gilford Portadown, N. Ireland.

BARE BONES OF HUMANITY—they are named "Algerians"—what's in a name? A nothingness; too weak to wipe the tears away when seeing their own land again after years of R-fugee Camp life. Too old, too ill, too hungry. There are no homes for them to see—nothingness; unless you can help us. £15 provides a tent home for 8 people. We clothe and try to feed them. Will you house them, please? War on Want, 9 Madeley Road, London, W.5.

FREE sample of your favourite Coffee or Tea supplied by post from Coffee and Tea Warehouse, 2 Flask Walk, N.W.3.

LIVING PRODUCTIONS AGENCY require immediately selected ladies/gentlemen of various types and ages for television commercials and advertising. Photography. Representation training where necessary if accepted. Moderate fee. Mr. Hamilton MUSEum 3584.

SHEEPSKIN AND SUEDE garments beautifully cleaned by FURCLEAN, 3 BELSIZE PLACE, HAMPESTEAD, N.W.3, in seven days. Phone SW1. 3242/3 for collection and delivery service.

HANDKNITTING by Disabled workers who will make up your own knitting. Send S.A.E. for prices. HOMEBOUND CRAFTS-MEN, 25A Holland Street, W.8. WESTern 3924.

CALL UNIVERSAL AUNTS LTD. at their new address 36 Walpole Street, Chelsea S.W.3, for help with your housing problem, packing, shopping, care of children, travel theatre tickets, domestic and clerical staff Tel.: SLOane 9834.

IRELAND'S FAMOUS LIQUEUR—GALLWEY'S ORIGINAL IRISH COFFEE—the Liqueur to linger over. 45/- a bottle From your Wine Merchant or Findlaters Wigmore Street, W.1.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KUTCHINSKY OF CANADA will take your portrait in the tranquillity of your own home: suitable studies to be included in forthcoming photographic book. Telephone MUnicipal 1455.

WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHY. We specialise. Our attendance in all parts of the British Isles is without charge or obligation. Write or telephone for particulars. THE BELGRAVE PRESS BUREAU, 7 West Halkin Street, London, S.W.1. Belgravia 3227/8/9.

FOR SALE

PIANOS. Selection of models by Bluthner, Bechstein, Steinway, etc. Agents for all leading British makers. LEWIS LTD., 17 Chepstow Mansions, W.2. BAY 2908.

CHALLENGE PIANO. Tuned regularly. Musical attachment with 90 rolls Music. Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn. Wonderful instrument for music lover. Worth £150, sell £80 or near. Box number 783.

GOLD MORVADO WATCH 18 ct. Ermito Model de luxe. Little used. Offers over £150. Reply Box B.E., Cox & Co., Minehead, Somerset.

BOOKS

BOOKS BOUGHT. Large quantities collected anywhere. Write: PETER EATON (Booksellers) Ltd., 80 Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.

PHILATELY

STAMP DISPOSAL is our business. Do you know our business? We do! For the most appreciated results contact—Plymouth Philatelic Auctions Ltd., 34 New Street, Plymouth.

GARDENING

DYKELANDS FOR DAFFODILS! Buy Dykelands Bulbs. Scottish grown for health, vigour and richness of colour. Send now for illustrated catalogue showing an excellent selection of daffodil, tulip, hyacinth and crocus bulbs. R.S.M. MILNE (Dykelands) Ltd., Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire.

HARDY GERANIUMS (Herbaceous Perennials). Thrive outdoors all year round. Never need renewal. Improve yearly. Rose, salmon, lilac, cream. 35/- dozen. J. MACGREGOR. Rare Plant Specialist, LARKHALL, Lanarkshire.

HOTELS

OLD OAK COTTAGE HOTEL, Minster, nr. Canterbury. Tel.: Minster 229. A 14th-century retreat with ultra modern appointments, and Irish hospitality. Egon Ronay and Ashley Courtenay recommended. Six main dishes served daily. Fully licensed.

TORQUAY. ARDMORE HOTEL, Wellswood, Phone 4792. Excellent food and comfort. Central heating. Near Town centre. Winter terms and special Christmas tariff.

TORQUAY. Enjoy the Winter in warmth and comfort at ELMINGTON HOTEL. Central heating, special Winter terms. Illustrated brochure. Phone 65192.

HYTHE, KENT. SUTHERLAND HOUSE HOTEL. 40 bedrooms. Near Sea. Luxuriously refurbished. Garage, Parking. TV. Christmas Vacancies.

BOURNEMOUTH—Washington Hotel Durdley Road, Tel. 27023. Vacancies for winter permanent residents, October onwards, some hall-floor and 1st-floor rooms available at moderate winter terms.

CHRISTMAS 1962. Spend four days in the comfortable and hospitable atmosphere of the HOTEL VICTORIA, Heswall, Cheshire. Please write or telephone for our programme. Phone Heswall 21.

GLOUCESTER HOTEL WEYMOUTH

Famous since George III's reign for comfort, cuisine and "cellar." Sunnily positioned overlooking Weymouth Bay and always in season. A.A. 3-star. Tel. 404.

EASTON COURT HOTEL CHAGFORD, DEVON

For Autumn and Winter Holidays and residence. XV Century hotel in lovely country on edge of Dartmoor. Log fires, central heating, electric blankets. Excellent food and wines. Licensed. Brochure and tariff on request. Phone Chagford 3169.

HOLIDAYS

LAZY, tranquil. Perfect for relaxed weekend or longer. Wonderful food and service. THE GEORGE HOTEL, Yarmouth, I.O.W. Tel. 331.

PRIVATE PARTY CATERING

HUNT Balls, Weddings, Charity and Private dances. FOSTERS ROOMS. 16/17 Small Street, Bristol, 1. Tel: 24644.

FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS on buffet at Balls, Dances, Cocktail parties and other receptions consult "COOK & BUTLER—May we help you?", 20 Southfield Gardens, Twickenham. POPEsgrove 9714. Swedish and international cooking. Our specialities also supplied ready for your table. New kitchens at 75 Church Road, Teddington. TEDdington Lock 3932

DISTINGUISHED CATERING for Parties. Receptions, Buffets, Dinners, etc., anywhere incl. Hire and Service. DEBRY, 191 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Tel. KEN. 2733/5406 "We cater for the Connoisseur."

IN YOUR HOME. Parties, Dinners, Receptions, etc., individual and perfect service. Butler, if required. Mrs. H. I. Sip, 7a Ladbroke Square, London, W.1. PARK 7516.

ENTERTAINMENT

LES COLLINS AND HIS MUSIC for your ball or party. 25 Woodbourne Avenue, S.W.16. STR. 3893.

RUDY ROME, late of the Colony and Hungaria, would be happy to play personally with his orchestra, large or small, for your next function. 33 Montpelier Rise, Wembley. ARN. 7542.

ERIC WINSTONE supplies the best Bands and Cabarets. 112/114 Great Portland Street, W.1. Telephone LANGham 4514.

GLAMOUR CABARETS supplied for your parties. London's leading cabaret agency. Gaston & Andree Agency, Byron House, 7/9 St. James' Street, S.W.1. WHITEhall 3303.

FOR YOUR PARTY Clifford Heap's miniature theatre production THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. Write 219 High Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. BUCKhurst 2044.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES. Sound films, magic. Rogers, 47 Muswell Hill, N.10. Tel. Highgate Wood 9721.

NORMAN JACKSON ORCHESTRAS. London's Biggest Band Centre, Ballroom, Latin, Jazz, Twist, 35 Seaford Road, London, N.11. ENT. 0516. (Day/Night.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINER. Magic fun-show. Also complete parties organized (games, competitions). JOHN DEE, PINner 1187.

THE EDDIE LAMBERT ORCHESTRA is now accepting first class bookings. Direct from S.S. ARCADIA and R.M.S. QUEEN MARY. Over 800 radio broadcasts. Box No. 777.

RESTAURANTS

PARAMOUNT GRILL, Irving Street, Leicester Square. Your choice from the finest steaks in the world at original steak house. WHI. 0744.

CHEZ CICCIO, 38c Kensington Church Street, W.8. (WES. 2005.) Elegant Kensington restaurant for gourmets.

NOT ANOTHER INDIAN RESTAURANT—NO! The Indian restaurant—JAMSHIDS—where you too could join the discerning few. 6 Glendower Place, S.W.7. KNI. 2309.

THE WITHIES INN, Compton, Nr. Guildford, are now serving fabulous charcoal grills as well as their noted cold table. Lunch & dinner 7 days a week. Reservations: Godalming 1158.

BOULEVARD de COUTURE



FIRST TIME IN LONDON
The most elegant and fabulous clothes, furs and jewels from the world's greatest designers parade along the Boulevard for your delight during lunch beneath the trees in a real Parisian atmosphere.
Daily 1 - 2.30 p.m.

CAFÉ-RESTAURANT

BOULEVARD de PARIS

May Fair Hotel . Berkeley Square
Mayfair 7777

Deliciously French!

le P'tit montmartre

Excellent wines, good cuisine, gay decor and the gentle guitar.
En avant! Res: WEL. 2992.
15 Marylebone Lane, W.1.
Write for monthly French recipe
Open to 12.30 a.m. (last orders 11.15 p.m.)
SUNDAY EVENINGS 6.30 to 11.30 p.m.



QUELLES
PENSEES!



PIERRE
CARDIN

A NEW LESSON IN LOVE



Looks simple (but that's the subtlety!)
It's crepe! Soft! Shiny! with faint feminine flutter!
Skirt looks divided but isn't

Undulating cowl neck most flattering!
Back swoops low under loosely tied streamers

JAEGER

girls perpetual party goer

Light beige, black,
emerald and dove grey. Sizes 8-14.
Price 15½ gns.
Jaeger, Regent St. London W1

JAEGER-LECOULTRE



Exciting Designs for Every
Hour and Each Occasion.



Caree and Brilliant Diamond Bracelet Watch £2350
18ct. Gold and Diamond Bracelet Watch £295



18ct. Gold Hand Wrought Bracelet Watch £315
18ct. Gold, Diamond and Ruby Bracelet Watch £385



The Smallest Watch in the World
in 18ct. Gold Bracelet £510



Kutchinsky

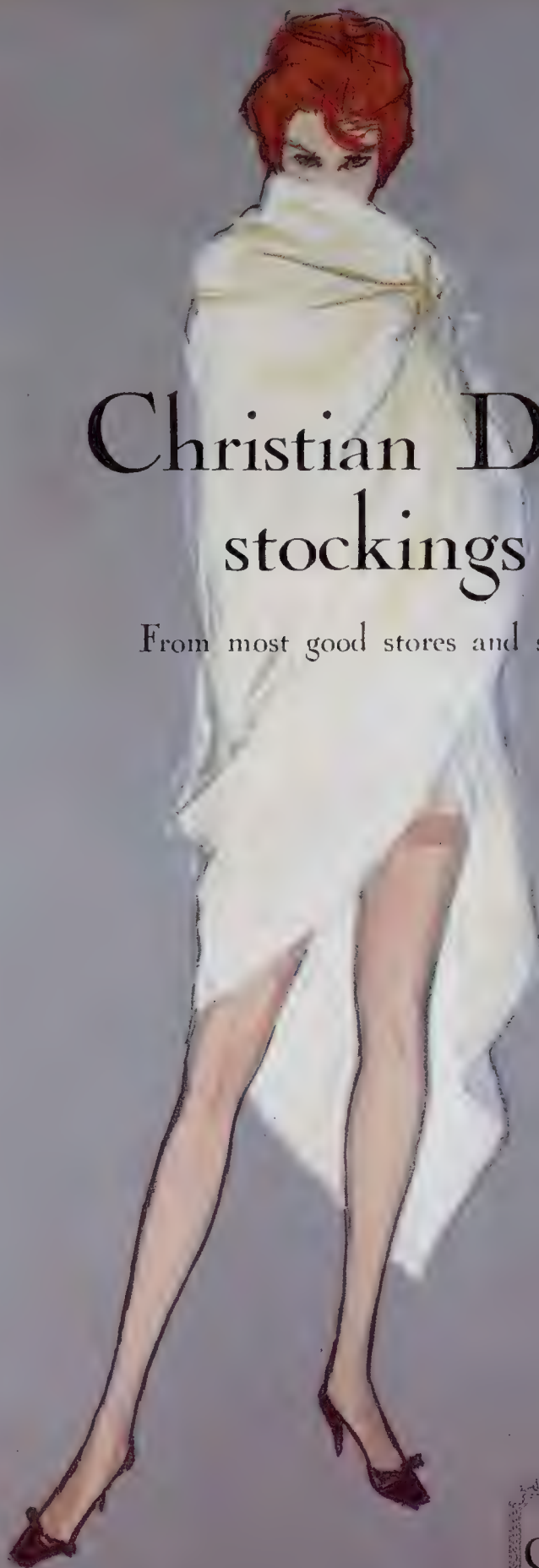
KNIGHTSBRIDGE

69 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3. Telephone: KNightsbridge 9211

*
G. Dior

Christian Dior stockings

From most good stores and shops



greet
your
guests
with
Findlater's
Sherries





Peter Clark photo

FASHION
IN FUR
CREATED
BY

the name
of authority
in furs
Bradleys
2 WELBECK ST. W1

Bradleys jacket of
Morning Light
mink, dawn pale and
dazzling, 1,530 gns.

EDUCATIONAL

ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE
RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS
Comprehensive courses for English and foreign students. New terms commence 3rd January and 23rd April, 1963. Apply to: J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), the Principal, St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3. Telephone: HAMstead 9831.

THE LANGUAGE TUITION CENTRE'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

for Diploma Courses in basic secretarial practice or in combined secretarial and foreign-language training. Full information from the Principal.

26-32 OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1.
Telephone LANgham 1005 & 8005.

SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING. Ann Darbyshire (formerly with Constance Spry), 68 Glebe Place, S.W.3. FLA. 7987. Diploma and short courses for teaching girls to make their own clothes. Prospectus from 93 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1. SLO. 4911.

OXFORD AND COUNTY SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 34 St. Giles. Comprehensive secretarial training, including shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping and languages. Apply to Secretary for prospectus.

RESIDENTIAL SECRETARIAL AND LANGUAGES COURSES, G.C.E. examinations all levels, sports facilities, delightful country near London. Apply: The Principal, Paddock Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Tel. Bagshot 3252.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT SCHOOL

FREE TUITION. Complete course in practical Flower Arrangement at Four Seasons, 11 New Quebec Street, W.1. AMB. 6611.

BEAUTY

"Faces, Figures and Feelings: A Cosmetic Plastic Surgeon Speaks." Leslie E. Gardiner, Wimpole Street, London specialist, the how, why and what on cosmetic surgery. Illustrated. From Robert Hale Ltd., 63 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. 19/6 post free.

SUDDENLY YOUR THROAT is young again. Ray Cochrane's fantastically successful home throat rejuvenation treatment. One guinea complete. Post free. The Beauty Clinic, 59 Chiltern Street, London, W.1. Tel.: WEL. 3405.

NAIL-BITING. End this beauty evil and anti-social habit. New technique. Recommended by Beauty Editors. Booklet 6d. **FILTEX LTD.** (Dept. M.P.), CANTERBURY. (The original Nail Culture Specialists. Est. 40 years.)

PUTTING BACK THE BIRTHDAYS. Phyllis Scott-Lesley's rejuvenating and therapeutic beauty preparations available at Harrods and other leading perfumeries. For booklet **SCIENTIFIC CARE OF THE SKIN** giving details of co-ordinated beauty therapy to defeat aging skin write to:—**P.S.L. LABORATORIES Ltd.,** Old Bond Street, W.1.

LOOK MUCH YOUNGER WITHOUT SURGERY'S Discomfort and Hospitalisation. The 'SONACEL TREATMENT' is exclusively yours at 'JOANNA SMITH BEAUTY RESTORIUM', 22 Molyneux Park Road, Tunbridge Wells. 22748. Treatments London. Appointment only.

HAIRDRESSERS

JOAN WILLIAMS, the specialist for fine, difficult hair. Expert cutter, tinter and permanent waver. Restyling no extra charge. 63 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. BELgravia 5974.

STANLEY BARBER OF NOTTINGHAM, the Midlands' finest Hair Artists. Superb Styling, Incomparable Cutting! Stanley Barber International Hair Fashions Ltd., 52 Long Row, 46664 and Branches. Awards London, Paris, New York. I.C.D. and S.H.C. Paris.

COLLECTORS AND CONNOISSEURS

FINE VIOLINS, VIOLAS, CELLOS, BOWS wanted. Especially Italian.—Details to **L. P. BALMFORTH & SON,** Violins, Leeds, 2.

CORSETIERES

RIGBY & PELLER, 12 South Molton Street, W.1. MAYfair 6708

By Appointment to H.M. The Queen Corsetières

Corsets, Corsetettes, Brassières, Swimsuits, Maternity Foundations individually designed and made-to-measure by EXPERTS.

MATERNITY WEAR

WE'RE SO EXCITED! Our Autumn and Winter Maternity Collections have just arrived and we can't wait to show them. If unable to call, our illustrated Brochure is available on request. **JUST JANE,** 93 Baker Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 8748.

MOTHERHOOD—joyous colourful maternity wear and jewellery. Catalogues on request. 25 Baker Street (nr. George Street). London, W.1.

TAILORING

SHIRTS TO MEASURE from 32/6d. Wide choice of patterns from A. L. Garstang Ltd., 2 Corporation Street, Blackburn.

G. WARD DEPORES the wind of change resulting in their move to 32/33 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1. Unchanged is the highest standard of gentlemen's tailoring. We welcome clients old and new, under our new name of Donaldson & Williams & G. Ward Ltd. Telephone MAYfair 0743.

DRESSMAKING

MARYTHE LTD., 17 Dover Street, W.1. (HYDe Park 1361.) Second floor. High class Dressmakers will copy their exclusive French models at reasonable prices and make up your own materials, expert French fitters, and from now on are showing a very select collection of Ready-to-Wear Dresses.

CHINESE COUTURE—Oriental Fashions. Dresses and Kimonos, smart and elegant, easy to pack. Miss K. Sung, 1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Knightsbridge 5953.

DRESS AGENCIES

VOGUE, BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS, purchase up-to-date day dresses, suits, coats, hats; also Lingerie. Post parcels for offer, 59 Kensington Church Street, W.8. WES. 3291.

WE BUY GOOD MODERN LADIES' WEAR; straight coats, wool or silk dresses suits, etc. Large sizes particularly welcome. Cash paid. Post refunded. Dept. T., Central Buying Depot, 40A North Street, Brighton, Sussex.



THE NATION'S REMEMBRANCE POPPY DAY

Collectors urgently needed

British Legion · Haig's Fund · 70-80 York Way · London · N.1

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

FURS

ARE YOU SELLING OR BUYING a fur coat? We make fair cash offers and we sell near-new furs. Inquiries invited. D. Curwen, Dept. T., 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1.

CELOT, LEOPARD and MINK. A fabulous selection of these precious furs in every price range and style. Personal attention of master furrier, Henry Noble. Part exchange terms. Open daily till 7, including Saturdays. REGent 6394. NOBLE FURS, 183 Regent Street, W.1.

FUR HIRE

HIRE—BE GLAMORIZED IN MINK, an elegant fur from a wonderful selection, including all the Mutation colours, no deposit, brochure sent on request. Furs hired for use at home & abroad. You can enjoy our hire service on special terms for long periods. All our furs are for sale. Extended credit terms arranged.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS, LTD., 10 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 2711.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

LES ENFANTS, 66 Lilian Road, Streatham, S.W.16. buy and sell children's good outgrown clothes. Parcels received, offers by return.

SHOES

'JACKIE COOGAN Casuals' are news everywhere. But only ELLIOTT will give you exciting casual shoes in **NARROW FITTINGS AAA, AA,** to size 12. Elliott, 112 Westbourne Grove, W.2, also Knightsbridge.

HAND LAUNDRIES

SAME DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE by London's finest Hand Laundry. Ladies' and gentlemen's fineries collected, beautifully hand laundered, delivered to you the **SAME DAY,** of course without laundry marks. Also One-day, Two-day and Postal Service. For this superb luxury service, telephone **EXPRESS HAND LAUNDRY LTD.,** at 168 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FRObisher 2345.

KYNOC

CLOTHS

KEITH SCOTLAND
 9 STRATTON ST LONDON W 1

INVISIBLE MENDING

INVISIBLE MENDING. Burns, tears, moth damage. Also knitwear and all repairs. **QUICKSTITCH LTD.,** (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

DRY CLEANING**SUEDE CLEANING**

Suede Coats, Shoes, Sheepskin Coats, Gloves, expertly cleaned.

Smooth leather garments also a speciality.

Send to:

SUEDECRAFT (LIVERPOOL) LTD.
HAWTHORNE ROAD, LUTHERLAND
LIVERPOOL 20. Phone: Bootle 3924

CARPETS

CARPETS. Our representative will be pleased to call and quote for your carpet requirements. Country work a speciality. Postal enquiries welcomed. A.T. Day & Co. Ltd., 9 Crowndale Road, London, N.W.1. EUSton 8665.

REMOVALS

JOSEPH MAY LTD., the firm with the splendid reputation, cut removal cost with their Return Loads. Estimates free. Whitefield Street, W.1. (MUSEum 2411).

DOGS

GOOD FOOD MAKES GOOD DOGS. Biscuits & Meals (WHOLEMEAL) 70/- per Cwt., 37/6 ½ Cwt. Luda Puppy Milk, 1 stone 25/-, 2-stones 45/-, Dried Meat, Hound, Terrier & Puppy Sizes, 90/- per Cwt., 47/6 ½ Cwt. ALL carriage Paid Home. **LUDA MEATIES** (Dept. T), LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

ALERT, EXCLUSIVE, GRACEFUL. Pedigree Dobermann puppies for sale. Championship strain. Dogs and bitches. Mr. S. Glanville Gale, The Lucas, Horsted Keynes, Sussex. (Dane Hill 342.)

INTERIOR DECORATING

NEW I.D.A. INTERIOR DECORATION COURSE gives you expert tuition. Learn in your own home how to plan decor, select soft furnishings and use colour effectively. Quickly gives you the confidence you need to plan a beautiful home within your means. Send for free booklet today to Institute of Domestic Arts, Parkgate Road, (Dept.740) London, S.W.11.

MURAL DECORATION and wall pictures. Designs prepared free. Raoul Aufranc, 26 Cambridge Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

FINE ART

OLD MASTERS copied in oil colour from good colour prints. Approx. size 12 x 10 to 24 x 20. Specimen sent if desired. Also portraits from photographs. First-class work. John Roney, Old Town, Peebles.

HAND KNITWEAR

ALL HAND KNITWEAR including Rain-storm proof Boating and Ski-ing Sweaters from stock or to order. **SOUTHDOWN KNITWEAR,** Hackwood Lane, Cliddesden, BASINGSTOKE, Hants.

MISCELLANEOUS

CROCODILE handbags remodelled, relined, repaired. Handbags made from crocodile suitcases, dressing cases, etc. First-class materials and workmanship. Send your handbag (registered post, please) for immediate free estimate. "Nicole," 165 Cricklewood Broadway, London, N.W.2.

CONVALESCENCE and long stay—Torbay area. Apply "ELMFIELD", Combe-in-Teignhead, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon.



THE TREND
IS TO
TIPPED

—THE TIP IS BACHELOR



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WINE MERCHANTS
GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LIMITED



The Partners claimed it... the Cellarman named it

There's rather a nice story behind the name "Partners" which you might like to tell your friends next time you pour them a glass of this splendid ruby port. Some years ago, the Sandeman directors were known as The Partners, and it was the custom for the Cellarman to keep a special blend of port exclusively for their use. For his own guidance he would chalk



the word "Partners" on the cask and gradually it became known as "Partners" Port. Its reputation grew among the circle of friends who were offered this port at the Sandeman offices and it was through their interest and enjoyment that "Partners" Port was first made obtainable to the public. Since that time it has become one of Sandeman's most popular ports... a smooth, kindly drink to enjoy at anytime.

PARTNERS' 19/6 VINTAGE RESERVE 21/6
PICADOR (Tawny) 18/6 THREE STAR 16/6



MAGNIFICENT "PARTNERS" PORT BY SANDEMAN

Give a new twist
to the Spirits
with ...

Rose's lime juice

Grandma met Grandpa during a waltz
Mother met Father doing the Charleston
But our dancing daughters have dispensed
with partners
They twist, man
But one partner they can't dispense with
Is Rose's Lime Juice,
A splash of crystal-clear green Rose's.
The perfect partner for icy water or soda
Team it with rum and vodka too
Or make it a twister's special
With gin and a twist of lemon peel.
Sit this one out with Rose's ...

Rose's
LIME JUICE
CORDIAL

... the most refreshing drink in the world

